HALLOWEEN LEGACY

BLACK SCREEN

Silence.

A projector sputters to life.

Grainy Super 8 footage.

Children in homemade Halloween costumes pass by jack-o-lanterns.

The image freezes.

A calm voice cuts through the silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
On October 31, 1978, four people were murdered in the quiet town of Haddonfield, Illinois. The suspect was twenty-one-year-old Michael Myers, who had escaped Smith's Grove Sanitarium the night before after spending fifteen years institutionalized for the murder of his sister Judith Myers.

Crime scene photographs:

The Myers house.

The bedroom inside the Wallace house.

DOCTOR SAMUEL LOOMIS standing outside the Doyle house.

Newspaper clippings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Although several eyewitnesses identified Myers as the killer, his body was never recovered. The official investigation remains open to this day.

The narration stops, replaced by the sound of the clicking from the projector.

Unsettling silence as newspaper headlines splash across the screen.

1988: BABYSITTER ATTACKED

1995: FAMILY FOUND SLAIN INSIDE MYERS HOUSE

1998: '78 SURVIVOR CLAIMS MASKED KILLER STALKED HER

2018: HALLOWEEN KILLER RETURNS?

2028: 50TH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL PLANNED

The projector continues clicking through the headlines until the screen is filled with the modern seal of the **FBI.**

We pull back to reveal:

INT. FBI BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT - QUANTICO

Two agents sit through the presentation. They are **SPECIAL AGENT ETHAN MERCER**, mid-40s, and **SPECIAL AGENT CLAIRE BENNETT**, late 30s.

Mercer watches intensely, while Bennett is a bit more skeptical.

The projector cuts off.

In enters **ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WILLIAM HARROW**, 60s and balding.

The two look up at him.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR HARROW
Fifty years.
(beat)
Half a century since Haddonfield.

He drops an archive box onto the table.

The box is filled with thousands of pages of crime scene photos, witness interviews, cassette tapes, maps, old newspaper articles … everything.

HARROW
Congress is funding one final review of America’s oldest active serial homicide investigation.

Harrow begins pulling photographs out of the box.

HARROW
Every ten years or so, somebody claims Michael Myers came back.

Mercer chuckles.

SPECIAL AGENT MERCER
Michael Myers died decades ago.

Harrow doesn’t say anything. Instead, he begins laying the photographs across the table - one by one.

A babysitter.

A family.

A police report.

Finally, a crime scene.

HARROW
Every ten years, another Halloween. Another victim. Another survivor.

The two continue to listen intently as he slides another photograph forward.

HARROW
Some cases were solved. Most weren’t.

Another file.

HARROW
Every witness described the same man. White mask. Blue coveralls. Six-foot-plus. Never said a word.

Bennett folds her arms.

SPECIAL AGENT BENNETT
This is a waste of federal resources. We’re chasing a ghost, Director. The man has been gone for decades. Even if these sightings are real, we’re looking at copycats, not a seventy-year-old escaped mental patient.

HARROW
Are we?

BENNETT
Okay. You’re describing one of the most recognizable killers in American history. Copycats aren’t exactly uncommon.

Harrow smiles.

HARROW
You’re absolutely correct, Bennett.

Mercer continues to study the photographs.

MERCER
How many people have claimed they saw him?

Harrow doesn't answer right away. Instead, he pulls a folder titled: **HADDONFIELD - RELATED INCIDENTS** out of the box. It's several inches thick.

HARROW
Thirty-seven credible witness statements. Fourteen unsolved homicides. Nine disappearances. Every single one occurred on Halloween night.

BENNETT
And every single one is attributed to Michael Myers?

HARROW
(shaking his head)
No.
(beat)
Officially, only the 1978 murders belong to him.

Mercer looks up.

MERCER
Then why is the file still open?

Harrow pulls out another photograph, this one faded and yellow. It shows the backyard behind the Doyle house. Evidence place cards outline an empty path of grass. He places it in front of Mercer.

HARROW
Because Michael Myers' body was never recovered. And every time Washington tries to officially close the ledger and declare him legally dead, another body drops in Haddonfield with a story that doesn't quite add up.

Bennett folds her arms.

BENNETT
So the local police close them as copycats and domestic disputes. What does Washington want from us?

HARROW
A rubber stamp.
(beat)
They want you two to look at those fourteen homicides, review the local police reports and confirm what Haddonfield has been saying for decades: that they're copycats, drunks and crimes of passion.

Mercer looks over another report.

MERCER
(to Harrow)
Do you think he's still out there?

HARROW
It doesn't matter what I think.

Harrow closes one of the files.

HARROW
I only care that fifty years later people are still seeing the same man.

He slides the evidence box closer to the two.

HARROW
You're not going to Haddonfield to prove Michael Myers exists.
(beat)
You're going because no one has been able to prove he doesn't.

Mercer grins a bit.

HARROW
I want you two to find out which stories are true -
(beat)
And which ones aren't.

Bennett hesitates.

BENNETT
And if someone in Haddonfield really believes Michael Myers is coming back?

HARROW
Then I'd suggest you get there before Halloween.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

A crisp October afternoon greets children pouring out of the one-story elementary school. Their feet kicking up bright orange leaves that have tumbled across the sidewalk.

Some are wearing pumpkin and ghost crowns made out of construction paper. Projects ushering in the pending Halloween holiday.

Parents wave from idling cars while teachers laugh as they shepherd the last students toward the pickup lane.

It's a calm scene with laughter and joy that frequently greets the end of the school day.

EMMA CARTER, 24, steps out of the school's front doors carrying a box of construction paper pumpkins and classroom decorations.

She's cute and approachable, the ideal elementary school teacher.

Next to her, a **LITTLE GIRL** tugs at her jacket.

LITTLE GIRL
Miss Carter …

Emma looks down and smiles.

EMMA
What's up?

Affable as always.

The little girl holds up a crooked painting of a jack-o-lantern.

LITTLE GIRL
Does this look scary?

EMMA
Terrifying!

She laughs as the little girl beams before running back to her mother.

Emma then begins heading toward the school parking lot while another teacher, **JESSICA SAUNDERS**, 30s, catches up.

JESSICA
Hey Emma.

She looks at Emma's box of Halloween fun.

JESSICA
Big plans for Halloween?

EMMA
(laughing)
Depends.
(beat)
How desperate are the babysitting requests this year?

The two arrive at Emma's Honda Civic. She rests the box on the top of the trunk.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA
You really should charge holiday rates.

EMMA
If I did that Jess, I'd lose half my clients!

Just then, a text buzzes Emma's phone. She glances down at it.

It's from **MOLLY HENDERSON**.

Still okay to watch Noah tomorrow night?

Emma smiles and quickly replies:

Wouldn't miss it.

EMMA
Looks like those plans came through.

Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA
Always a girl scout.
(beat)
Anyway, I'll see you tomorrow?

Emma nods as Jessica begins walking toward her car.

Across the school grounds…

Parents continue loading children into cars as the children wave goodbye.

Everything feels safe.

Emma then puts the Halloween box into the trunk and climbs into her car.

INT. EMMA'S HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

Emma starts up the Civic.

The local radio station pops through the speakers.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)
…with thousands expected this weekend, Haddonfield prepares to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the 1978 Halloween murders…

Emma sighs and changes the station.

Classic rock - a familiar tune.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 57 - AFTERNOON

The Illinois countryside rolls by beneath a pale October sky. Cornfields stretch endlessly in both directions as orange and red leaves drift across the highway. Cutting through the landscape is a black government-issued SUV.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mercer drives, eyes fixated on the desolate interstate ahead of him. In the passenger seat, Bennett flips through a thick case file.

Neither speak right away. The only sound is the hum of the tires on the cold concrete.

Finally -

BENNETT
Thirty-seven sightings.

MERCER
Thirty-seven statements.

Bennett looks over toward Mercer.

BENNETT
You actually believe these people, Mercer?

Mercer keeps his eyes firmly on the road.

MERCER
I believe every one of them saw something.

BENNETT
That’s not what I asked.

Mercer thinks for a second.

MERCER
No.

Silence. She then closes the file.

BENNETT
Good.
(beat)
Because if a seventy-one-year-old killer has been walking around Illinois for fifty years…
(beat)
…we’ve got bigger problems than a cold case.

Mercer almost smiles.

MERCER
You ever been to Haddonfield?

BENNETT
No.

MERCER
Yeah, me neither.

Another pause.

MERCER
Tell me something.

BENNETT
Depends.

MERCER
Why’d you volunteer for this?

Bennett doesn't answer immediately.

BENNETT
Nobody volunteered.

She looks over.

BENNETT
Everybody else turned it down.

They drive on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Emma's Civic powers through downtown Haddonfield.

The town is buzzing. Storefronts are covered in pumpkins, cornstalks, ghosts, skeletons and autumn wreaths.

A local coffee shop advertises:

THE BOOGEYMAN BLEND

Across the street, teenagers take selfies beneath a banner reading:

HALLOWEEN 2028

Tourists browse souvenir stands selling vintage postcards and replica white masks.

Emma rolls her eyes while watching all this from inside her car.

EMMA
(to herself)
Every year.

She stops at a crosswalk. A father and his young son hurry across it.

The little boy is wearing over-sized blue coveralls and a cheap white plastic mask.

Emma chuckles.

The father looks embarrassed and shrugs at Emma from the crosswalk.

FATHER
He’s been obsessed with Michael Myers since he could walk.

EMMA
(through the door window)
Cute costume.

The light turns green and she continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The sun isn’t as bright anymore, though still hangs over this quiet neighborhood.

A couple children ride their bicycles while leaves swirl through the air.

Halfway down the block is a familiar house.

The Myers house.

Fresh paint. New windows. A swing hangs from an old maple tree. Out front, a **YOUNG COUPLE** unloads groceries, while two **CHILDREN** chase each other through the yard.

Here, in this time and place, it’s just another house.

Emma barely glances at is as her Civic passes by. After all, she’s passed this house hundreds of times.

The Myers house is not scary anymore.

As her Civic disappears around the corner, we remain.

We settle on the house across the street … between two trees, a motionless figure watches. Watching the house. Watching the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY HIGHWAY - LATER

The interstate has given way to a two-lane road on the outskirts of Haddonfield.

Lining the highway are pumpkin farms, roadside produce stands and children in costumes posing for photographs beside hay bales.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mercer glances toward the scenery.

MERCER
Looks different than I imagined.

BENNETT
What did you expect?

MERCER
A ghost town.

Bennett laughs.

BENNETT
People don’t abandon good schools just because of a boogeyman.

EXT. COUNTY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV passes a faded wooden sign that reads:

WELCOME TO HADDONFIELD

HOME OF THE HUSKERS

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

A local radio station plays softly through the speakers.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)
…tomorrow’s remembrance ceremony begins at seven. Mayor Ellis is expected to unveil the new memorial honoring the victims of the 1978 Haddonfield Halloween murders. Survivors and former residents from across the country are returning for the first time in decades…

Mercer turns the radio volume up slightly.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)
…police continue to reassure residents that there is no credible threat to this year’s festivities despite online rumors surrounding Michael Myers…

Bennett reaches over and clicks the radio off.

BENNETT
They’re peddling fear now.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN HADDONFIELD - LATER

The SUV rolls slowly through downtown. Traffic is light. Store owners sweep sidewalks before closing. Employees tape orange paper leaves to the storefront windows. City workers hang a banner across Main Street:

50 YEARS OF COMMUNITY

A city crew unloads folding chairs outside the courthouse in preparation for tomorrow’s festivities. Across the street, a television news van parks along the curb.

Multiple reporters rehearse their stories.

Live tomorrow from Haddonfield…

There’s a slight buzz in the air - an anticipation.

Mercer watches from the SUV as it inches down the main drag.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

MERCER
Looks pretty normal.

BENNETT
That’s because it is. The town had one bad night fifty-years ago.
(beat)
The rest is just scary stories.

Mercer doesn’t respond.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HADDONFIELD - CONTINUOUS

As the SUV continues to roll through downtown, we focus on a bronze plaque in the middle of the city square commemorating the victims of 1978.

People have left flowers, letters and even candy.

Then there is the single fresh pumpkin that has been placed at the base of the memorial.

Carved into it is one, almost sinister word:

HOME

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

HALLOWEEN LEGACY

EXT. EMMA'S BUNGALOW - EARLY EVENING

A slight glow from the setting sun creates just enough light to illuminate this quiet and empty street.

On the steps of the houses, a few jack-o'-lanterns sit unlit.

Decorations blow in the wind.

Emma's Civic pulls into the driveway of a modest craftsman bungalow.

The engine cuts off and after a moment, Emma exits the vehicle. Her next-door neighbor, **MRS. THOMPSON**, late 60s, struggles to carry two grocery bags up her front walk.

Emma notices immediately and crosses the lawn toward her.

EMMA
Need a hand?

Mrs. Thompson smiles.

MRS. THOMPSON
Only if you don't mind carrying the heavy one.

EMMA
I'll do you one better. I'll carry both.

Emma takes both bags from Mrs. Thompson and begins walking toward the elderly lady's bungalow.

INT. MRS. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma sits the groceries on the kitchen counter. Mrs. Thompson then begins putting them away.

MRS. THOMPSON
Any fun plans for Halloween?

Emma hands Mrs. Thompson what needs to be put into the cupboard.

EMMA
Babysitting the Henderson boy.
Probably until after the memorial.

MRS. THOMPSON
How sweet.
(beat)
Seems like everyone’s going tomorrow.

The two continue putting away the groceries, though the bulk thins a bit.

EMMA
It’s kind of a big deal this year.

Mrs. Thompson nods and then looks out the kitchen window.

MRS. THOMPSON
It wasn’t always.
(beat)
For a long time people wanted to forget.

Emma doesn’t quite know how to respond.

Mrs. Thompson catches herself and then smiles.

MRS. THOMPSON
Listen to me over here getting sentimental.

Emma smiles back.

EMMA
I’ll stop by tomorrow after babysitting. Make sure you survived all the trick-or-treaters.

Mrs. Thompson laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma walks across the lawn toward her porch.

She pauses for a second, almost as if she senses she’s being watched. She looks around briefly but nothing appears to be there.

Emma resumes walking.

On her porch, she unlocks the front door and is greeted by a golden retriever happy to see her.

EMMA
Hey Murphy. Miss me?

She enters the house with the dog in tow.

INT. EMMA’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma’s house is warm and comfortable. Bookshelves line the walls with plenty of books. Family photographs all over the place. Children’s artwork pinned to the refrigerator. A pumpkin-shaped cookie jar sits on the kitchen counter.

Emma hangs her school lanyard by the door and then drops her keys into a ceramic bowl.

Murphy trots to his food bowl.

EMMA
I know. I know. Dinner first.

Emma pulls out a bag of dog food and fills the bowl.

While Murphy eats, Emma opens the refrigerator.

It’s nearly empty.

She settles on leftover soup, placing it into the microwave.

As Emma waits for it to heat up, she glances at the stacks of drawings on the kitchen table that need to be graded. She quickly flips through the students’ artwork - pictures drawn of what reminds the children of Halloween.

A black cat.

A skeleton.

A witch.

Then one drawing catches her eye. A crude white mask. Blue coveralls. Underneath it, written in over-sized letters: **MICHAEL MYERS.**

Emma examines it and then shakes her head.

DING

The microwave finishes heating up her soup. The ding almost unnerves her - *almost*.

She puts down the drawing and returns to the kitchen, pulling the steaming soup out from the microwave.

Her phone then buzzes.

A text from Molly:

Looking forward to tomorrow. Noah's been asking if you're bringing the pumpkin cookies again.

At the end: a smiley emoji.

Emma quickly replies back:

Already baked. Tell him to save me a scary movie.

She smiles and sets the phone aside.

Murphy suddenly lifts his head. His ears perked as he quietly stares toward the dark front window.

Emma notices.

EMMA
What is it?

Murphy gives a soft, uncertain whine.

Emma looks toward the window. Nothing. Just leaves drifting across the yard beneath the streetlight.

She forces a smile.

EMMA
Probably a cat.

Murphy relaxes.

Emma returns to her soup, which she carefully carries over to the kitchen table.

The camera slowly drifts toward the front window.

Outside, the street is empty. Quiet. Ordinary.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLER'S DINER - NIGHT

An old neon sign glows against the October evening.

The parking lot is nearly full. Pickup trucks. A couple of news vans. One state police cruiser.

And the government-issued SUV pulling into it.

Mercer parks.

INT. MILLER'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The diner is electric. A buzz of activity and conversation.

Everyone seems to know everyone.

The only outsiders appear to be Mercer and Bennett and as they enter, a few heads turn.

A **WAITRESS** approaches the two, a larger woman in her 60s.

She looks like she's worked here forever as she smiles warmly. That is, until she notices the credentials clipped to Mercer's belt.

Then her smile drops.

WAITRESS
Evening. Just the two of you?

BENNETT
Unless someone else is paying.

That does attract a smile from the waitress.

She leads them to a booth.

The two sit as the waitress pours them both a cup of coffee. She again notices the credentials.

WAITRESS
You two heading through or is this your destination?

MERCER
Destination. Just got in.

She tops off the coffee. Almost absentmindedly.

WAITRESS
Bad time to visit.

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT
Because of all the tourists?

WAITRESS
No.
(beat)
Because tomorrow is Halloween.

She drops two menus on the table and then walks away.

Mercer watches her go.

BENNETT
You know what that was?

MERCER
Small town hospitality?

He laughs. Bennett is less amused.

BENNETT
Confirmation bias. People expect something to happen, so every October they start talking like it’s a ghost story.

Mercer stirs his coffee.

MERCER
Maybe.
(beat)
Or maybe everyone’s telling the same story for a reason.

Then, in the background, at the counter, two older men can be heard quietly talking.

…Loomis warned us…

…never found him…

…my brother swore…

Not a complete conversation, just pieces. Mercer can’t help but eavesdrop.

He’s collecting.

The waitress returns.

WAITRESS
You two decide yet?

Mercer pulls away from the counter conversation and does another quick take of the menu.

MERCER
Yeah. I'll just have a burger and fries. Tomato on the side if you can.

The waitress nods and then glances toward Bennett.

WAITRESS
And you?

Bennett doesn't seem impressed by the offerings.

BENNETT
I guess I'll go with the turkey club. Extra mayo.

WAITRESS
It comes with fries.

BENNETT
Okay.

WAITRESS
That everything?

Both nod.

The waitress fakes a smile, grabs the menus and walks off again. Mercer watches her, something Bennett takes note of.

BENNETT
You're profiling the waitress.

He doesn't deny it.

MERCER
No wedding ring. Knows everybody's order. Calls everyone here by name. She's been here at least twenty years.

BENNETT
You got all that from her taking our order?

MERCER
She didn't even ask if we wanted coffee. Just poured.

He pauses and then laughs.

MERCER
I'm gonna use the bathroom.

Mercer gets up from the booth and begins walking toward the back of the diner - patrons stealing glances as he walks by each booth.

Before he enters the door with just **GENTS** tacked on it, he pauses at an old bulletin board hanging between both bathroom doors.

He examines it.

Among the local advertisements:

Lost dog.

Church bake sale.

Harvest Festival.

And then one faded newspaper clipping.

BABYSITTER MURDERS SHOCK HADDONFIELD

It looks as if it's been pinned there for fifty years. Mercer stares at it for a moment and then disappears into the bathroom.

INT. MILLER'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Mercer slides back into the booth just as the food arrives.

BENNETT
Good timing.

He smiles.

The waitress then begins to place their order down on the table. She starts to turn away from the table but stops herself, turning back to the two.

WAITRESS
You know, every Halloween somebody comes through here asking about Michael Myers. Police. Reporters. Podcasters. College kids.
(beat)
Yet nobody ever asks about the people who stayed.

Mercer looks over at Bennett, as if almost reaching a realization.

WAITRESS
You two stay safe.

Now she turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A gentle breeze carries fallen leaves down the quiet street. The last hints of twilight have disappeared.

Porch lights glow warmly throughout the neighborhood. Orange lights frame windows. Unlit jack-o'-lanterns wait patiently on front steps for tomorrow night's trick-or-treaters.

Emma opens her front door. Murphy, her golden retriever, eagerly trots outside carrying his leash in his mouth. Emma laughs.

EMMA
Real subtle.

She kneels, clips the leash to Murphy's collar and scratches behind his ears.

EMMA
One lap around the block. Then we're calling it a night.

Murphy happily leads the way.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The neighborhood is calm.

A father stands atop a ladder hanging the last strand of orange lights while his young daughter hands him clothespins from below.

Across the street, two teenagers adjust homemade tombstones in a front yard, stepping back to admire their work.

A garage door stands open.

Neighbors carve pumpkins around a folding table while classic rock drifts softly from an old radio.

Emma smiles as she passes.

EMMA
Looking good, Frank.

FRANK, a man in his fifties with pumpkin guts on his hands, looks up.

FRANK
Give it another hour. Maybe it'll finally look like the picture on the box.

The group laughs as Emma gently tugs Murphy onward.

EXT. CORNER INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Emma pauses at the crosswalk.

A bit ahead, the local florist finishes arranging pots of flowers outside the shop before locking the door.

A church bell rings softly in the distance.

Seven o'clock.

Traffic is sparse. A pickup truck rolls past. The driver waves. Emma waves back.

EXT. SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - CONTINUOUS

Murphy wanders along the edge of the grass, nose buried beneath a pile of leaves.

Emma sits on a bench.

Just the sound of rustling trees and children laughing somewhere several blocks away. Then a train horn echoes faintly across town. Emma closes her eyes. Enjoying the peace.

Her phone buzzes.

Another text from Molly:

Noah's already picked out tomorrow's movie. You've been warned.

Emma laughs to herself before texting back:

As long as he shares the popcorn.

She slips the phone back into her pocket.

Murphy suddenly freezes. His ears stand upright. He stares toward a narrow walking path disappearing into a cluster of trees beyond the playground.

Emma notices.

EMMA
What is it?

Murphy remains still.

Then…

A squirrel runs across the path.

Murphy instantly lunges after it. Emma yanks his leash back.

EMMA
Nice try.

The squirrel disappears up a tree. Murphy watches for another moment before reluctantly giving up. Emma shakes her head.

EMMA
You’re never going to catch that one.

EXT. EMMA’S STREET - LATER

Emma and Murphy make their way back home. Most of the neighborhood has gone quiet. Families finish bringing decorations inside for the night.

Someone blows out a candle inside a jack-o’-lantern on their porch.

Down the street, Mrs. Thompson locks her front door. She notices Emma. Raises a hand. Emma smiles and waves back.

Murphy stops to sniff a freshly raked pile of leaves. Emma gives the leash another gentle tug.

EMMA
Come on, detective. Bedtime.

Murphy obediently follows.

They continue toward the warm glow of Emma’s front porch. Both climb the stairs. Emma swings open the front door. But before both enter the house, Murphy freezes and looks out across the street.

He whimpers a bit.

Emma, suspicious, looks out with him.

But nothing.

EMMA
Come on, Murph.

The two disappear inside. Then the sound of a door locking.

The neighborhood falls silent. Only the whisper of wind through the autumn trees remains.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT

The neon vacancy sign hums softly in the cool October air. Leaves dance across the nearly empty parking lot. A few rooms glow behind drawn curtains. Mercer and Bennett's SUV pulls into a parking space near the office. They climb out in silence, each carrying an overnight bag.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby feels frozen in another decade. Wood paneling. A faded brochure rack. A coffee pot that has clearly been sitting all evening.

The **MOTEL CLERK**, late forties, slides two room keys across the counter.

MOTEL CLERK
Rooms twelve and fourteen.

Bennett signs the receipt while Mercer glances toward a rack of local brochures.

One catches his eye:

HADDONFIELD HISTORICAL WALKING TOUR

MOTEL CLERK
Tourists love those. Locals, not so much.

Mercer folds the brochure and slips it into his jacket.

EXT. MOTEL WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two walk toward their rooms.

BENNETT
Eight o’clock. Sheriff’s office. No detours.

Mercer nods.

MERCER
Eight o’clock. No detours.

Bennett stops at Room Fourteen. Then glances back at him.

BENNETT
You already look like you’re planning one.

Mercer offers the faintest smile.

MERCER
Good night, Bennett.

She watches him disappear into Room Twelve.

Shakes her head.

INT. MERCER’S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mercer flicks on the light. A perfectly ordinary motel room.

He doesn’t even unpack. Instead, he spreads the contents of the case box across the bed.

Crime scene photographs.

Yellowed newspaper clippings.

A map of Haddonfield.

Autopsy reports.

Old witness statements.

Everything arranged with quiet precision.

He removes a legal pad and begins making a timeline.

He circles each year. Five incidents and five separate investigations. Five different stories.

His eyes stop on one handwritten note clipped to an FBI memorandum.

“INTERVIEW NOT CONDUCTED”

No other details. Just those three words.

Mercer frowns.

He flips the page over. Blank. He searches the file.

Nothing.

Who wasn't interviewed? Why?

He checks the evidence index. The page is missing.

Mercer leans back. Thinking.

He then reaches for his phone and dials a number.

After two rings -

HARROW (V.O.)
Thought you'd be asleep by now.

Mercer doesn't acknowledge the remark.

MERCER
Question.
(beat)
Who organized the witness list?

HARROW (V.O.)
Records division. Why?

MERCER
There's a gap. Someone was supposed to be interviewed.

HARROW (V.O.)
Probably a clerical error. Happens on cases this old. I wouldn't overthink it.

Mercer isn't convinced.

MERCER
Maybe.
(beat)
I'll talk to you tomorrow.
Goodnight.

He hangs up before Harrow can say anything else.

Mercer studies the timeline again.

Then his eyes drift to the folded brochure from the motel office. He opens it. A simple map of Haddonfield. One location is highlighted in bold.

HADDONFIELD MUSEUM OF HISTORY & FOLKLORE

Open until 10:00 p.m. during Anniversary Week.

Mercer checks the bedside clock.

9:18.

He looks back at the missing interview notation. Then at the map.

He grabs his jacket.

INT. BENNETT'S MOTEL ROOM

Bennett has already changed into comfortable clothes - a FBI sweatshirt and sweats. The television on low volume playing a replay of a MLB World Series game.

She's halfway through unpacking when there's a knock. She opens the door.

Mercer stands outside. Already wearing his jacket with keys in hand.

BENNETT
Don't tell me.

Mercer holds up the brochure.

MERCER
Museum's still open.

She exhales in frustration.

BENNETT
It's almost ten, Mercer.

MERCER
Exactly. Nobody'll be there.

She studies him for a beat. Half annoyed and yet also half amused.

BENNETT
You really don't know how to leave work at work, do you?

Mercer boyishly shrugs.

MERCER
We're here. This is work.

Bennett concedes his point with a smile.

BENNETT
Five minutes. Let me put something else on.

She closes the door.

Mercer waits quietly in the empty motel walkway. A gust of wind sweeps leaves past his feet.

The town settles in for the night. Mercer looks toward the lights of downtown Haddonfield.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MUSEUM OF HISTORY & FOLKLORE - NIGHT

The old brick building sits just off the town square.

A banner hangs from the front entrance:

SPECIAL EXHIBIT

THE NIGHT THAT CHANGED HADDONFIELD

Extended Hours Through October 31

Most of the downtown lights have gone dark. The museum parking lot is nearly empty.

Mercer’s SUV pulls into a space near the entrance. Bennett climbs out, looking less than thrilled.

BENNETT
This better be worth missing sleep.

Mercer simply smiles. They head inside.

INT. HADDONFIELD MUSEUM OF HISTORY & FOLKLORE - LOBBY

The museum is quiet - almost deserted. A volunteer in her seventies sits behind the front desk finishing a crossword puzzle.

She looks up.

VOLUNTEER
We’re closing in thirty minutes.

Mercer flashes his credentials.

MERCER
That’s all we need.

She studies the badge. Then nods toward the back hallway.

VOLUNTEER
You're looking for the anniversary exhibit.
(beat)
Everyone is.

INT. MAIN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Mercer and Bennett pass through exhibits celebrating Haddonfield's history.

Black-and-white photographs of the town's founders. Vintage farming equipment. Huskers football trophies. Old parade banners. Harvest festival ribbons.

The ordinary history of an ordinary town.

Bennett slows beside a display of antique Halloween postcards.

BENNETT
Hard to believe this is what people came to see before -

She trails off.

Mercer keeps walking.

INT. ANNIVERSARY EXHIBIT - MOMENTS LATER

The atmosphere changes. The lighting almost softens. The voices disappear, though it's not like there were many to begin with.

A bronze plaque greets visitors.

THE NIGHT THAT CHANGED HADDONFIELD

October 31, 1978

Mercer reads silently as Bennett scans the room.

Glass display cases contain newspaper front pages. Photographs of first responders. Police radios. Crime scene diagrams. Dr. Samuel Loomis' handwritten notes. Sheriff Brackett's incident reports.

One wall is dedicated entirely to the victims.

Judith Myers.

Annie Brackett.

Lynda Van der Klok.

Bob Simms.

Everyone is remembered equally and Michael Myers is mentioned only briefly. Almost as an afterthought.

A voice breaks the silence.

CURATOR (O.S.)
Funny, isn't it?

Both turn.

The museum curator, **ELEANOR PRICE**, late 50s, approaches carrying a ring of keys.

She has kind eyes. She's definitely someone who has answered the same questions for decades.

ELEANOR
Most people come here expecting to learn about Michael Myers.

She gestures toward the memorial wall.

ELEANOR
The exhibit was never really about him.
(beat)
It's about everyone else.

Mercer studies the photographs.

MERCER
You're Eleanor Price?

She nods.

ELEANOR
Been here twenty-eight years. Started as a volunteer. Never managed to leave.

Mercer shows his badge.

MERCER
Special Agent Ethan Mercer. This is Special Agent Claire Bennett.

Eleanor isn't surprised.

ELEANOR
I heard the Bureau was coming. News travels fast around here.

Mercer looks back toward the exhibit.

MERCER
You've had a lot of visitors this week?

Eleanor smiles faintly.

ELEANOR
Every anniversary. Some come to remember. Some come looking for ghosts.

Bennett folds her arms.

BENNETT
Do they ever find any?

Eleanor chuckles.

ELEANOR
Depends who you ask.

She leads them toward a large map mounted on the far wall.

At first glance, it's simply Haddonfield. Then Mercer notices dozens of colored pins.

Blue pins. Red pins. White pins.

He steps closer.

A small legend explains:

BLUE: Confirmed events of October 31, 1978.

WHITE: Memorial locations.

RED: Reported sightings and alleged encounters.

Mercer's eyes linger on the red pins. There are far more of them than blue. Some clustered near familiar streets. Others miles outside town.

He glances at Bennett. She quietly rolls her eyes.

BENNETT
That's quite a collection of ghost stories.

Eleanor doesn’t take offense.

ELEANOR
No. Just stories.
(beat)
Some are almost certainly nonsense. Some probably aren’t.

Mercer looks back at the map.

MERCER
Who decides which one gets a pin?

Eleanor steps beside him.

ELEANOR
No one. People bring them. Letters. Diaries. Police reports. Newspaper clippings. Family stories.

She touches the cluster of red pins spanning the 1980s and 1990s

ELEANOR
Notice how we put them in the Folklore wing, Agent Mercer? Not the History wing.

MERCER
Why is that?

ELEANOR
Because ‘history’ means admitting the police failed us. ‘Folklore’ is safer. It turns a crime scene into a campfire story. Makes it easier for the tourists to digest

She looks back toward the main gallery, where antique postcards and town trophies sit under soft light

ELEANOR
History keeps records. Communities keep memories. And when the memories are too terrifying to live with, a community turns them into myths just to survive.

Mercer says nothing as he scans the map again.

One red pin catches his attention. Unlike the others, it has no label, no date. It’s just a tiny handwritten question mark.

Mercer points.

MERCER
What's that one?

Eleanor follows his finger. But then hesitates.

ELEANOR
I - don't know.
(beat)
It wasn't there yesterday.

Bennett immediately looks for a practical explanation.

BENNETT
Someone playing a prank?

Eleanor slowly shakes her head.

ELEANOR
Maybe.

She continues to study the pin.

ELEANOR
Strange place to choose.

Mercer looks from the mysterious pin to the location on the map. His brow furrows as he quietly memorizes the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The two-lane highway winds through miles of quiet farmland outside Haddonfield. Cornfields sway gently beneath the moonlight.

A lone Haddonfield Sheriff's cruiser glides through the darkness.

Behind the wheel sits **DEPUTY DEREK REED**, 40s.

His police scanner crackles softly beneath an old country song.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Dispatch breaks through the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit Twelve, you close to that abandoned vehicle on County Six?

Reed reaches over and grabs his radio.

REED
(into radio)
Yeah. Just pulling up now.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy.

He continues down the empty road.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

A sedan sits partially on the shoulder with its parking lights still glowing. Engine running. Driver's door standing open.

Reed slows and activates his overheads. Blue and red lights wash across the empty roadway.

Reed steps out. Flashlight in hand.

He approaches cautiously.

REED
Haddonfield Sheriff's Department.

No response.

He shines the flashlight inside. The driver's seat is empty. Purse on the passenger seat. Cell phone. Keys still dangling from the ignition.

The dashboard clock blinks.

10:07 PM.

Reed sweeps the flashlight across the ditch next to the road.

Fresh tire tracks. Nothing unusual.

He walks a few yards farther.

REED
Hello?
(beat)
If anyone's out there, Sheriff's Department.

Silence. Only wind moving through the cornstalks.

His flashlight catches something.

A paper grocery bag split open. Its contents scattered into the weeds.

Milk. Bread. A bag of apples.

One apple slowly rolls into the ditch.

Reed kneels. Touches the milk carton. It’s still cold.

The radio crackles, startling Reed to his feet.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit twelve. Status check.

Reed keys the mic.

REED
(into radio)
Occupied vehicle. Looks abandoned
Possible medical. Starting a grid
search.

He walks beyond the shoulder. His flashlight catches footprints in the soft dirt. One set, leading away from the road and into the cornfield.

Reed studies them. Something doesn’t sit right.

He slowly raises his flashlight toward the endless rows of corn. Nothing. Just darkness and the wind.

Then, very faintly is the sound of cornstalks shifting.

Not necessarily from the wind but something moving deep inside the field.

Reed freezes. He Listens. Again, silence. Then a slow rustle one row over. Then another.

He draws his flashlight toward the sound. But nothing.

He takes two cautious steps forward. The beam cuts through row after row of corn. Empty.

The radio suddenly erupts.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit Twelve? Do you copy?

The voice spooks him. He instinctively glances down to answer.

REED
(into radio)
Go ahead.

He looks back up. The corn is still. Reed waits another beat and then slowly exhales.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MINUTES LATER

A flatbed tow truck idles on the shoulder as the abandoned sedan is winched onto the bed.

Its amber lights cast a warm glow over the empty road.

DALE KELLER, 50s, the tow truck driver, hands a clipboard to Reed.

DALE
Hell of a place to leave your car.

Reed signs the form without looking up.

REED
Could be a medical emergency.
Could be somebody wandered off.

Dale glances toward the dark cornfield. He doesn't look convinced.

DALE
Maybe.
(beat)
Funny night for it, though.

Reed hands the clipboard back.

REED
Everything's a funny night around here this time of year.

Dale laughs.

DALE
Guess that's true.

He tucks the paperwork beneath his arm.

DALE
You think it's another one of those Halloween pranks?

Reed looks once more toward the cornfield.

REED
I hope so.

Dale lets out a dry, knowing laugh as he secures the winch.

DALE
Course you do. "Pranks" don't ruin the anniversary tourist money.

Reed looks back at him, frowning.

REED
What do you mean by that?

DALE
It means I've been hauling wrecked cars off these county roads since the eighties, Deputy. Whenever something bleeds in Haddonfield in October, the badge boys call it a prank, a drunk, or a domestic. Easier to write off a car in a ditch than tell the Mayor we got a problem on anniversary week.

He tucks the paperwork beneath his arm.

DALE
Just like the babysitter in '88, right? Or that poor family in '95? Or a few years ago on the fortieth? Wrap it up in a neat little bow so everybody can keep selling pumpkins downtown.

Dale climbs back into the tow truck. The winch groans to life and disappears into the darkness of the night.

Before climbing back into his cruiser, Reed takes one final look toward the field, contemplating what Dale has just said.

He gets in and after a second, the cruiser pulls away. Its taillights disappear into the night.

The camera doesn't follow. It remains fixed on the silent cornfield.

For several long moments, nothing.

Then…

Far back among the rows, a single shape slowly crosses between the stalks. Too distant and obscured to identify.

It could be a person. It could be a trick of the moonlight.

The wind rises and the corn sways. The shape is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Golden sunlight spills across a quiet neighborhood as autumn leaves drift lazily through the air.

A gentle breeze nudges unlit jack-o'-lanterns resting on front porches.

Haddonfield is waking up.

A newspaper lands perfectly on a front walk.

A father helps his young son zip up a tiny vampire costume before school. The boy insists on wearing the cape all day. His father gives in with a smile.

Across the street an elderly woman sweeps leaves from her sidewalk. She pauses to wave at a passing jogger.

SUPERIMPOSE:

HALLOWEEN

The wording fades into a montage of Haddonfield beginning its day.

A crossing guard greets children in their Halloween costumes walking toward school.

The local bakery places pumpkin muffins in the display window.

A sign on a storefront reading:

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

Two teenagers argue while hanging fake spiderwebs outside a hardware store. One web immediately blows away. They laugh.

A mail carrier drops letters into neighborhood mailboxes.

A school bus rumbles past. Children dressed in costumes chatter excitedly through the windows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HADDONFIELD - MORNING

Main Street has transformed overnight.

Barricades line portions of the road in preparation for the evening's remembrance ceremony.

Volunteers unfold rows of chairs in Memorial Square. City workers adjust the large banner stretched above the street.

50 YEARS OF COMMUNITY

Television crews unload cameras. Satellite trucks line the curb. A reporter rehearses quietly to herself while a cameraman adjusts focus.

Nearby, the memorial from yesterday has grown. More flowers, candles and even handwritten letters.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - MORNING

Students pour from buses and friends reunite.

Laughter echoes across the parking lot, while teachers direct traffic.

Emma parks her car near the faculty entrance. Coffee in one hand and lesson plans in the other.

She steps out. Takes a deep breath and smiles. Another school day.

As she walks toward the entrance, a group of fourth graders runs past wearing their Halloween costumes.

One little girl stops.

She's dressed as a princess with a satin pink gown and tiara on top.

The costume is a little familiar…

LITTLE GIRL
Happy Halloween Miss Carter!

The little girl beams.

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Happy Halloween. I love your costume.

The girl giggles as she races inside.

Emma continues toward the school.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MORNING

Deputy Reed drives slowly along yesterday's stretch of highway. The abandoned car is gone. Only faint tire tracks remain in the gravel shoulder.

He slows and looks toward the endless cornfield. The wind gently stirs the stalks. Nothing else.

After a moment, he drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MOTOR LODGE - MORNING

Mercer stands outside his motel room. Fresh coffee in one hand and a manila folder tucked beneath his arm.

He watches the town waking in the distance.

Bennett steps out of Room Fourteen. Still buttoning her jacket.

She notices Mercer already awake and shakes her head with an amused smile. Mercer simply raises his coffee cup in greeting. No words are exchanged.

They head toward the SUV.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - MORNING

The SUV pulls into the parking lot. Deputies arrive for shift change. Patrol cars come and go. Mercer and Bennett climb out.

Mercer looks up at the modest brick building. His expression hardens.

They head toward the entrance.

The glass doors swing open.

INT. HADDONFIELD SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mercer and Bennett step inside the station. It's modest but functional. Certainly not the FBI Headquarters.

In the background, a phone rings. Dispatch chatter filters through the building as deputies hurry between offices carrying stacks of paperwork.

The annual Halloween remembrance has everyone stretched thin.

A receptionist looks up.

RECEPTIONIST
Morning. Can I help you?

Mercer produces his credentials.

MERCER
Special Agents Ethan Mercer and Claire Bennett. We have a meeting with Sheriff Collins.

Before she can answer, the front doors burst open behind them.

Deputy Reed enters, carrying a file folder and two disposable coffee cups. He looks like he barely slept.

The receptionist immediately notices.

RECEPTIONIST
(to Reed)
Any luck?

Reed shakes his head.

REED
Nothing.
(beat)
Tow company confirmed the vehicle’s registered owner. Family says she never came home last night.

Mercer’s attention shifts. Bennett notices.

The receptionist’s smile fades.

RECEPTIONIST
(to Reed)
Sheriff’s waiting for you. He’s already in a meeting.

Reed nods and heads down the hallway.

Mercer’s eyes follow him.

RECEPTIONIST
(to Mercer and Bennett)
You two can head back as well.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Mercer and Bennett walk through the busy bullpen.

A dry erase board lists assignments for the day:

REMEMBRANCE CEREMONY - 7:00 PM

ROAD CLOSURES - 5:00 PM

TRAFFIC DETAIL

MEDIA STAGING

Beneath them, written hastily in fresh black marker:

MISSING PERSON

Mercer notices. Keeps walking.

INT. SHERIFF COLLINS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SHERIFF HANK COLLINS, early 60s, stands near his desk speaking with Reed.

Maps and old photographs of Haddonfield decorate the office walls.

Collins notices Mercer and Bennett. He extends a hand.

SHERIFF COLLINS
Agents.
(beat)
Welcome to Haddonfield. Sorry to keep you waiting.

Mercer shakes his hand. So does Bennett.

MERCER
Looks like you've had a busy morning.

Collins smiles.

COLLINS
Busier than I expected.
(beat)
And that's saying something.

He gestures toward Reed.

COLLINS
Deputy Reed responded to an abandoned vehicle outside town late last night. Owner never made it home. Still hoping there's a simple explanation.

Mercer glances toward Reed.

MERCER
Any indication of foul play?

Reed answers before the Sheriff can.

REED
No blood. No real signs of a struggle.Purse, phone, keys…everything was still there.

Mercer exchanges a quick look with Bennett.

BENNETT
Medical event?

REED
Wouldn't be the first time.

Mercer nods slowly. But something about it bothers him.

Collins motions everyone toward a large map of Haddonfield mounted on the wall.

A magnet marks the location of the abandoned car.

SHERIFF COLLINS
She was less than three miles from home. No reason to stop out there.

Mercer studies the map. His eyes narrow.

It's close to where the mysterious, unlabeled red pin appeared on the museum map the night before.

He says nothing.

Instead -

MERCER
Has anyone searched the surrounding fields?

Reed nods.

REED
Until sunrise.

Mercer doesn’t press.

Collins changes gears. He walks behind his desk and picks up an aging case file. Its cover is faded, the corners are worn.

Typed across the front:

STATE OF ILLINOIS

MYERS HOMICIDES

He places it on the desk between them.

COLLINS
I imagine this is why the two of you are really here.

Mercer rests a hand on the file.

MERCER
The fiftieth anniversary.

Collins nods.

COLLINS
Most folks around here would rather leave it buried.
(beat)
Unfortunately, Halloween has a way of digging it back up.

Silence settles over the room.

Mercer opens the file. On top lies a black-and-white crime scene photograph from **October 31, 1978**. He stares at it for a long moment.

Then looks back up at Collins

MERCER
I’d like to start with the people who survived.

COLLINS
Then we better make some calls.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - EMMA'S CLASSROOM - LATE MORNING

Warm sunlight pours through the classroom windows. Orange and black construction paper hangs from the ceiling.

Paper pumpkins.

Cardboard ghosts.

Handmade bats.

The room buzzes with excited conversation. Halloween has completely won the battle for the children's attention.

Emma stands at the front of the room trying to regain control.

EMMA
All right, all right. If we finish our math, we can decorate cookies after lunch.

The room erupts in cheers.

EMMA
That's not permission to stop working.

The students grin and return to their worksheets.

For all of three seconds. A little girl raises her hand.

LITTLE GIRL
Miss Carter? Are you dressing up tonight?

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Maybe.

The class immediately begins guessing.

BOY
She's gonna be a witch!

GIRL
No! A black cat!

ANOTHER BOY
A vampire!

The room breaks into laughter. Emma shakes her head.

EMMA
(playfully)
You’re all terrible guessers!

The laughter slowly dies.

A quiet boy, **DANNY**, near the back raises his hand.

DANNY
Miss Carter? Was Michael Myers a real person?

The room falls silent.

Emma pauses. Only for a beat.

EMMA
Yes. He was.

Another hand shoots in the air.

STUDENT #1
My grandpa says he killed people right down the street.

Another hand shoots up.

STUDENT #2
My mom says he died.

Yet another.

STUDENT #3
My brother says he comes back every Halloween.

Emma walks slowly between the desks.

She’s gentle and patient.

EMMA
Halloween is full of stories. Some are true. Some get bigger every time they’re told. Today, we’re going to worry about fractions. Not ghost stories. Fractions are scary enough!

A few students giggle. The tension breaks.

Emma claps her hands.

EMMA
Okay. Who's ready to prove they can add common denominators?

A chorus of dramatic groans fills the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND - LATER

Recess. Children race across the playground in every direction.

Kickballs bounce and swing sets squeak. Teachers monitor from different corners of the yard.

Emma stands near the fence with Jessica. They watch the children play. Jessica keeps her voice low. Just above a whisper.

JESSICA
Did you hear?

Emma nods.

EMMA
About the woman?

JESSICA
Still missing.

Emma watches two boys arguing over a football.

EMMA
They'll find her.
(beat)
Probably wandered off after a breakdown or something.

Jessica isn't convinced.

JESSICA
Brad said they found her groceries still in the car.

Emma finally looks at her.

JESSICA
Milk, bread, phone … everything.

EMMA
Jess…

Jessica doesn’t relent.

JESSICA
They found her car out on County Six.

Emma looks away from the children playing, her expression tightening

EMMA
People break down, Jess. Or they have medical emergencies.

JESSICA
Leaving her purse and her keys in the ignition?

EMMA
Yes. Exactly like that.
(beat)
Jess, it’s October. Every time someone gets a flat tire this week, half the town thinks it’s the boogeyman. She’s a missing person. Let the police do their jobs before we start writing ghost stories.

Jessica studies her.

JESSICA
You really believe that?

Emma doesn’t respond. Instead, she looks out over the playground as the wind blows across it.

She then notices someone standing alone near the chain-link fence.

Danny. The same quiet boy from class.

He’s staring across the street. Not blinking.

Emma excuses herself.

EMMA
Be right back.

She walks over and kneels beside him.

EMMA
Everything okay, Danny?

Without taking his eyes off the street, Danny slowly raises a finger.

DANNY
Who’s that?

Emma follows his gaze. Across the street, beneath the sprawling branches of an old maple tree… a man stands motionless on the sidewalk.

Far enough away that details blur together.

Dark work coveralls. Hands hanging loosely at his sides. His face is hidden in shadow.

He appears to be looking directly toward the playground. Toward Emma.

The sounds of recess seem to fade. Only the distant melody of children playing remains.

Emma squints, trying to get a better look.

A school bus suddenly rumbles through the frame, completely blocking the sidewalk.

One second. Two.

The bus passes and the sidewalk is empty.

The man is gone.

Emma instinctively scans both directions. Nothing. No parked vehicle. No open gate. No one walking away.

Just an empty sidewalk beneath the tree.

She looks back down at Danny.

EMMA
Where’d he go?

Danny shrugs.

DANNY
I don’t know.
(beat)
But he was looking at you.

Emma forces a reassuring smile, though it doesn’t quite reach her eyes.

EMMA
Come on. Let’s get you back with everyone else.

She gently guides him toward the playground.

The children laugh, teachers chat and the ordinary sounds of Halloween morning return.

Emma glances back one last time.

The tree stands alone, leaves drift lazily to the sidewalk. Nothing else.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF COLLINS’ OFFICE - DAY

Mercer closes the faded Myers case file.

The room is quiet. Only the muffled sounds of the busy station filter through the walls.

Bennett studies the tabs separating decades of reports.

BENNETT
You’ve got forty years’ worth of statements in here.

Mercer doesn’t look up.

MERCER
Fifty.

Collins leans back in his chair.

COLLINS
Some interviews are firsthand. Some are secondhand. Some…

He shrugs.

COLLINS
Some are just people trying to make sense of something terrible.

Mercer nods.

MERCER
Who was the last person to claim they saw him?

The Sheriff thinks.

COLLINS
Depends on who you ask.

He opens a desk drawer and removes a yellow legal pad.

Several names are written down. Some crossed out. Some circled.

He slides it across the desk.

Mercer scans it.

JAMIE LLOYD

RACHEL CARRUTHERS

TOMMY DOYLE

LAURIE STRODE

A few additional names Mercer doesn't recognize. Residents, deputies, anonymous callers.

Bennett notices the order.

BENNETT
You already ranked them.

The Sheriff smiles faintly.

COLLINS
No.
(beat)
Time did.

Mercer rests his finger on the first name.

JAMIE LLOYD.

MERCER
Let's start here.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Bennett fastens her seat belt while Mercer studies Jamie's thin case file.

A newspaper clipping slips loose.

LOCAL GIRL CLAIMS MASKED MAN ATTACKED BABYSITTER.

He reads quietly.

BENNETT
What are you looking for?

Mercer keeps reading.

MERCER
Patterns.

He closes the folder and starts the engine.

BENNETT
You really think these people saw Michael Myers?

MERCER
No.
(beat)
I think they all believe they did, though.

Bennett looks out the passenger window.

BENNETT
There’s a difference?

MERCER
That’s what I’m trying to figure out.

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - DAY

The SUV winds through quiet neighborhoods dressed for Halloween.

Children carry decorated paper bags home from school.

Pumpkins sit on nearly every porch.

The town feels alive.

As the SUV comes to a stop at a traffic light, Mercer’s eyes drift toward a telephone pole.

A fresh missing-person flier flutters in the breeze. Below it, someone has taped a piece of paper with crude writing to it: **HE’S HERE**.

Michael Myers. Two tragedies. Fifty years apart.

The light turns green. The SUV powers on.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet subdivision on the outskirts of Haddonfield.

Well-kept lawns, children’s bicycles in driveways.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mercer slows before a modest brick home. He compares the address with Jamie’s file. It’s a match.

He parks. Neither agent moves immediately.

Mercer studies the house for a moment.

BENNETT
You ready?

He looks down at the folder one last time. A photograph of a frightened little girl stares back at him. A very familiar little girl.

He quietly closes it.

MERCER
Let’s hear her story.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

They step from the SUV and walk toward the front door.

Mercer raises his hand and knocks.

A moment passes. Footsteps approach and the front door opens.

Standing before them is **JAMIE LLOYD**, late 40s.

Time has softened her, but not erased the little girl she once was. We know her.

Jamie notices the FBI credentials almost immediately. She doesn’t look surprised, only tired.

JAMIE
I wondered if somebody would eventually come.

Mercer offers a polite smile.

MERCER
Jamie Lloyd?

She nods.

JAMIE
Depends on who’s asking.

Mercer produces his credentials.

MERCER
Special Agent Ethan Mercer. And this is Special Agent Claire Bennett.

Jamie glances at the badges. Then back to Mercer.

JAMIE
Fiftieth anniversary.

Mercer nods.

MERCER
May we come in?

Jamie steps aside.

JAMIE
Might as well. I’ve told this story more times than I can count.

INT. JAMIE’S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The home is warm and lived in. Nothing about the room suggests someone consumed by fear.

Jamie returns carrying three mugs of coffee. She sets them down.

Mercer quietly observes framed photographs.

Jamie as a teenager.

Jamie graduating college.

Jamie with coworkers at a children’s hospital.

She notices him looking.

JAMIE
Everybody expects my house to look like a haunted museum.

She smiles.

JAMIE
Disappointing, isn’t it?

Mercer smiles back and the tension eases slightly.

They sit. Mercer doesn't open the Myers case file.

Instead, he places a small digital recorder on the coffee table.

MERCER
For the record, you can stop this interview whenever you'd like.

Jamie acknowledges his comment with a nod.

JAMIE
That's the first time anyone's ever said that.

Mercer starts the recorder. A soft electronic beep.

MERCER
October thirty-first, nineteen eighty-eight. Tell me about that day.

Jamie doesn't answer immediately. Instead, she looks toward the front window.

JAMIE
It started exactly like today Sunny. Cool. Everybody was excited about costumes and trick-or-treating.

She laughs.

JAMIE
It's funny, though. I don't even remember what costume I picked.
(beat)
But I do remember everything after.

A long silence. Mercer waits. He doesn't interrupt.

JAMIE
People always ask me, "What happened that night?"

She slowly shakes her head.

JAMIE
That's the wrong question.

FLASHBACK:

Tiny tennis shoes splash through wet leaves.

A child's panicked breathing.

BACK TO PRESENT

Back to the living room.

JAMIE
I think the better question is, "What stayed with you?"

FLASHBACK:

A teenage girl's hand grabbing a little girl's wrist. Then running.

BACK TO PRESENT

And again we're back in the living room.

Jamie's eyes remain fixed on the window.

JAMIE
Because trauma doesn't come back like a movie. It comes back in pieces.

FLASHBACK:

A porch light suddenly goes dark.

BLACK

A screen door slamming.

BLACK

A frightened child looking over her shoulder but only for an instant.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jamie blinks. She's back in the present.

JAMIE
A smell. A sound. A white mask in a store window.

She looks down into her coffee.

JAMIE
Forty years later and it still finds you.

Silence until Mercer eventually speaks.

MERCER
Do you remember seeing him?

Jamie raises her eyes. There isn't a trace of uncertainty.

JAMIE
Yes.

FLASHBACK:

The edge of a white mask between two trees. Gone almost instantly.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jamie fidgets with her fingers.

JAMIE
Not clearly. Not the way people want me to. But I do remember the feeling.

Mercer leans closer. Bennett sits quietly.

MERCER
What do you mean feeling?

Jamie exhales slowly as she searches for the words.

JAMIE
Imagine the worst nightmare you've ever had. The one where you're trying to run but your legs don't move.

She meets Mercer's eyes.

JAMIE
Now imagine you're awake.

FLASHBACK:

Rachel pulling Jamie through a backyard. Their footsteps pounding against damp grass.

BACK TO PRESENT

JAMIE
Rachel kept telling me to not look back.
(beat)
So, of course I looked back.

FLASHBACK:

The Shape. Far away. Walking.

BACK TO PRESENT

JAMIE
He wasn't running. He wasn't screaming. He didn't even seem angry. He just…
(beat)
…kept coming.

FLASHBACK:

The white mask turns slightly toward the two.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jamie grows quiet. Her voice barely above a whisper.

JAMIE
He wasn't looking at Rachel.
(beat)
He was looking at me.

A heavy silence settles over the room.

Bennett finally speaks. Gentle and professional.

BENNETT
Why do you think that was?

Jamie hesitates. The question has lived with her for forty years.

JAMIE
I don't know. Sometimes I wonder if he saw a little bit of himself in me.

Mercer studies her carefully.

MERCER
Did he chase you?

Jamie immediately shakes her head.

JAMIE
No.

Mercer frowns. He's confused.

Jamie then leans forward.

JAMIE
That’s what people get wrong. Michael Myers didn’t chase people. He didn’t have to.

FLASHBACK:

Rachel desperately locking a back door.

BLACK

Jamie hiding inside a dark closet. Hands over her mouth.

BLACK

A doorknob slowly turning.

BACK TO PRESENT

JAMIE
You’d run, hide. Lock every door. You could pray and cry. And somehow, he was already where you were going.

The room is completely still. Even Bennett has stopped taking notes.

Jamie glances toward the window once more. A group of children in homemade costumes walk past the house laughing. Completely unaware.

JAMIE
He wanted us to remember him. Fear him.

Silence. Jamie’s words hang in the room.

Mercer lets several seconds pass before asking one final question.

MERCER
Do you think he’s dead?

Jamie doesn’t answer. She slowly rises from the couch and walks to the front window. She looks out at the quiet neighborhood. The same leaves. The same sidewalks. The same autumn sunlight.

Without turning around -

JAMIE
I stopped asking that question years ago.

She finally looks back at the two.

JAMIE
I think you should be asking why people keep seeing him?

Neither Mercer or Bennett say anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAPLE STREET - AFTERNOON

A quiet residential street on the west side of Haddonfield.

A father rakes leaves while his young daughter jumps into the growing pile. Someone decorates a front porch with orange lights.

Halloween feels hours away.

A Haddonfield Sheriff's cruiser turns slowly onto the block.

Deputy Reed scans the street.

Everything appears perfectly ordinary.

He pulls to the curb in front of a modest white clapboard home.

House number **1124.**

An elderly woman, **MARGARET HOLLOWAY**,70s, waits nervously on the front porch.

She clutches a cardigan around herself despite the mild afternoon.

Reed steps from the cruiser and offers a reassuring smile.

REED
Mrs. Holloway?

She nods, almost apologetically.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
I'm sorry to drag you all the way out here.

Reed shoots her a reassuring smile.

REED
That's what we're here for.

She glances toward the backyard and then back at Reed.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
I just - I just wanted someone else to look.

Reed joins Mrs. Holloway on the porch.

He removes a small notepad.

REED
Dispatch said there was someone on your property?

She nods.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Behind the house. Standing near the old elm tree.

Reed writes.

REED
How long was he there?

Mrs. Holloway thinks for a moment.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Maybe…thirty seconds. Maybe a bit longer. I couldn’t tell.

Reed looks toward the side yard.

REED
Did he say anything?

MRS. HOLLOWAY
(shaking her head)
No. He just stood there.
(beat)
Looking at the house.

He nods.

REED
Could you describe him?

Mrs. Holloway hesitates.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Tall. Dark clothes. I couldn’t see his face. The sun was behind him.

Reed smiles again.

REED
You did the right thing calling.

She isn't convinced.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Did I?

EXT. SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Reed walks slowly toward the backyard. His boots crunch across dry leaves.

The backyard comes into view. A simple suburban yard with a weathered swing, a small vegetable garden long since harvested. A wooden clothesline. And an old elm tree near the back fence.

Nobody.

Reed slowly scans the yard. Nothing moves except leaves drifting in the breeze.

He walks toward the elm tree. The ground beneath it is soft.

His eyes catch something. Fresh footprints pressed into the damp earth. Large. Heavy work boots.

He crouches and studies them. Not enough to identify. But they're recent.

He follows them with his eyes. They disappear into a bed of fallen leaves.

Reed then stands. The backyard feels strangely quiet. No birds or dogs barking. Only wind.

EXT. BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

A small metal table with two lawn chairs. A single pumpkin rests beside the back steps.

Reed pauses. The pumpkin has been carved. A simple jack-o'-lantern. Nothing unusual. Except the candle inside flickers.

Reed looks toward the house.

REED
Mrs. Holloway?

She steps carefully onto the back porch.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Yes?

Reed gestures toward the pumpkin.

REED
You light this already?

She frowns. Looks genuinely confused.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
No.

She walks closer. Her expression changes.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
That's … strange.

Reed watches her.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
I didn't buy a pumpkin.

A long silence. The flame dances softly inside the pumpkin.

Mrs. Holloway kneels beside it and runs her fingers over the carved edges. Fresh cuts. The flesh of the pumpkin is still damp.

She slowly stands. Looking unsettled now. Looking confused.

Reed says nothing.

He reaches inside and removes the lit candle and then blows it out. The pumpkin goes dark.

He forces a small smile.

REED
Probably neighborhood kids trying to be funny.

Mrs. Holloway looks at him like she wants to believe him.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Reed takes one final look around. Nothing.

He walks back toward the side gate as Mrs. Holloway follows him.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
You're sure nobody's still out there?

Reed glances once more toward the elm tree. The yard is empty.

REED
I'm sure.

Mrs. Holloway nods. Not entirely reassured.

MRS. HOLLOWAY
Thank you, Deputy.

He smiles back at her and begins heading toward the front of the house.

EXT. MAPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Reed climbs into the driver's seat. Starts the engine.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

He fills out a few quick notes on the call.

"Suspicious person. Unable to locate."

He tears the page free and places it on the passenger seat.

EXT. MAPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser pulls away. We remain on the house. Mrs. Holloway closes the front door. Locks it.

One by one, lights begin coming on inside. The warm glow of an ordinary home.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Silence settles over the backyard. The carved pumpkin sits alone on the patio. Dark now.

The camera slowly drifts toward the rear fence. Toward the old elm tree. Toward the place where Mrs. Holloway first saw the man.

Nothing. Only leaves moving in the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - AFTERNOON

The final bell **RINGS**.

Classroom doors burst open and children spill into the hallways carrying paper pumpkins, construction paper bats, and orange treat bags.

Teachers line the corridor, wishing everyone a safe Halloween. The energy is contagious.

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - MOMENTS LATER

Outside, buses idle in neat rows as parents wait along the curb.

The autumn air is crisp.

Emma steps through the front doors carrying a canvas tote overflowing with graded papers.

Her friend and fellow teacher Jessica catches up beside her.

JESSICA
You surviving Halloween?

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Barely.

Jessica laughs.

They weave through the crowd of children.

A little boy dressed as an astronaut runs up.

ASTRONAUT
Bye, Miss Carter!

Emma crouches to his level.

EMMA
Happy Halloween, Danny. Don’t eat all your candy tonight.

He grins.

DANNY
No promises!

He races toward his waiting father. Emma watches him go with a genuine smile.

Jessica notices.

JESSICA
You’d make a good mom.

Emma looks away for a second.

EMMA
I can barely keep twenty third graders alive until three o'clock.

Jessica laughs.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Teachers unlock their cars. Students board buses. Crossing guards wave traffic through.

Emma and Jessica reach Emma's Civic. Jessica leans against the driver's door.

JESSICA
Still babysitting tonight?

Emma nods.

EMMA
The Hendersons.

Jessica smiles knowingly.

JESSICA
Again?

Emma shrugs.

EMMA
They've had me since Noah was four. He's practically my little brother now.

Jessica folds her arms.

JESSICA
You know, you could've said no. It is Halloween after all.

Emma grins.

EMMA
Free ice-cream. Decent pay. Scary movies after bedtime. Sounds like a pretty good deal. Especially on my salary!

She laughs. Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA
You're impossible.

Emma smiles as the conversation turns quieter. Jessica glances toward the street.

JESSICA
Did you hear they still haven't found that woman?

Emma nods. Her smile fades.

EMMA
That's all everyone's talked about today.

Jessica lowers her voice as children are still nearby.

JESSICA
Brad says the Sheriff's Department thinks she just walked away.

Emma considers that.

EMMA
Brad's a smart guy.

Jessica doesn't sound convinced.

JESSICA
Just - be careful tonight.

Emma throws her a smile.

EMMA
Always am.

Jessica squeezes Emma's shoulder.

JESSICA
Call me tomorrow.

Emma nods.

EMMA
I will.

Jessica heads toward her own car. Emma watches her leave.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Emma tosses her tote onto the passenger seat and starts the engine.

The local radio comes alive.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
…traffic is beginning to pick up downtown ahead of tonight's remembrance ceremony…

Emma adjusts the volume.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
…police continue asking residents to report suspicious activity following yesterday's missing-person investigation…

Emma sighs and changes the station.

Music. Something upbeat. She smiles again. Back to normal.

She pulls out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON

The afternoon sun hangs low over the parking lot.

Families bustle in and out of Haddonfield Market, loading groceries into their cars before the evening festivities begin.

Children in partial Halloween costumes tug impatiently at their parents' hands. A teenage employee wrestles with a row of shopping carts.

Emma's Civic pulls into an open space.

INT. EMMA'S HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

She shuts off the engine and takes a breath. For the first time all day, she's alone. She glances at the passenger seat.

A sticky note reminds her: **Pizza. Candy. Popcorn**

She smiles.

EMMA
(to herself)
Easy enough.

She grabs her purse and exits the car.

INT. HADDONFIELD MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

The automatic doors slide open. Warm air.

Overhead speakers play a cheerful instrumental version of **Monster Mash**. It almost feels too cheerful.

Emma grabs a handheld basket. She makes her way through the produce section.

A little girl dressed as a witch begs her mother for caramel apples.

An elderly man struggles to choose a pumpkin.

Emma stops at a display of Halloween candy. She picks up two bags - one chocolate and one assorted. She hesitates. Puts one back.

She turns into the empty snack aisle. Long and brightly lit, the shelves stacked floor to ceiling.

She walks halfway down and reaches for microwave popcorn.

A box slips from the shelf above.

CLATTER.

Emma startles back and looks up from where the box came from. No one. She shakes her head.

She places the popcorn into her basket. As she continues, the camera lingers at the far end of the aisle.

A figure steps briefly into frame. Too far away to identify. Standing perfectly still. Emma never notices.

A shopper pushes a cart between them.

When the cart passes, the figure is gone.

INT. CHECKOUT LANES - MOMENTS LATER

The lines are short. Emma unloads her basket. The teenage cashier smiles.

CASHIER
Big Halloween plans?

Emma nods.

EMMA
Babysitting.

The cashier grins.

CASHIER
Honestly, probably safer.

Emma squints, unsettled by the comment.

The cashier begins to bag the groceries.

CASHIER
You hear about that woman they still haven't found?

Emma nods.

EMMA
Sadly.

The cashier lowers her voice.

CASHIER
My uncle's on the volunteer search team. He says it's like she just disappeared.

Emma doesn't respond.

The register **BEEPS** and the receipt prints.

The cashier hands over the bag.

CASHIER
Happy Halloween.

Emma forces a smile as she grabs the bag.

EMMA
You too.

As she pulls away from the checkout lane, the cashier says one last thing.

CASHIER
Be safe.

Emma continues walking without looking back.

EXT. HADDONFIELD MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

The parking lot is busier now. The sun has dipped lower.

Long shadows stretch between the rows of parked cars.

Emma unlocks her sedan with the key fob. The headlights flash.

She opens the trunk and sets the grocery bag inside. As she closes it, she notices something.

A shopping cart. Parked directly behind her car.

She frowns. She could've sworn it wasn't there thirty seconds ago when she exited the store.

She looks around. Nobody appears to be looking for it. She then rolls it toward the cart return.

As Emma passes the neighboring vehicle, she catches her own reflection in its tinted window.

For the briefest instant, it almost looks like someone is standing several feet behind her.

Emma turns. Nothing. Just people loading groceries. A father buckling his daughter into a car seat. A teenager carrying pumpkins. She exhales and gets into her car. The engine starts.

She pulls out. The camera remains fixed on the parking space she just vacated.

Across the lot, near the edge of the property, a solitary man in dark coveralls stands beside a row of autumn trees. There's just a glimpse of a white mask.

Too distant to identify. Motionless.

A delivery truck turns into the lot, blocking him from view for only a second.

When it passes, the space is empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL CARRUTHERS' HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A modest farmhouse sits just outside Haddonfield.

Its white paint has weathered with time.

The porch is lined with potted mums and carved pumpkins waiting to be lit after dark.

Everything about the home suggests peace. Everything except the woman standing inside it.

RACHEL CARRUTHERS, now in her late fifties, opens the front door before Mercer has the chance to knock.

She already knows who they are. She glances briefly at the FBI credentials.

Then back at Mercer.

RACHEL
You’re late.

Mercer looks surprised.

MERCER
Excuse me?

Rachel steps aside.

RACHEL
Jamie called me.

She turns and walks inside. Mercer and Bennett exchange a glance before following.

INT. RACHEL’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is warm. Tastefully lived in.

Family photographs line the mantel, none include children.

Rachel motions toward the sofa.

RACHEL
Sit wherever you’d like. Just don’t ask me if I still have nightmares.

Mercer lowers himself into a chair. Bennett opens her notebook.

Rachel notices.

RACHEL
I know how this goes.

She folds her arms.

RACHEL
You’ll ask about Michael Myers. Then you’ll ask about Brady. Then you’ll politely tell me the evidence doesn’t support what I remember.

Mercer doesn’t answer immediately. Instead, he studies her.

MERCER
I’d rather hear what you remember first.

Rachel thinks. And then nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The recorder **BEEPS**. Mercer begins.

MERCER
Rachel Carruthers. October thirty-first, nineteen eighty-eight. Tell me about Brady Wells.

Rachel looks almost amused.

RACHEL
Not Michael? Just Brady?

Mercer simply waits. Rachel sighs.

RACHEL
That’s always where we start. Because that’s where the police started.

She settles back in her chair. Looking somewhere beyond the room. Back into another lifetime.

RACHEL
Brady and I had been dating for almost two years. We argued. A lot. He was stubborn. Sometimes jealous. Sometimes immature.

She coldly smiles.

RACHEL
But he wasn’t cruel.

Mercer makes no note of it. Rachel notices.

RACHEL
You expected me to say he hit me.

Mercer doesn’t flinch.

MERCER
Did he?

Rachel shakes her head, firmly.

RACHEL
Absolutely not.
(beat)
We broke up the day before Halloween. That much is true.

She leans forward.

RACHEL
That's why the story worked.

Mercer tilts his head.

RACHEL
Everybody needs a reason. An explanation. A jealous boyfriend. A breakup. A crime of passion.

She shrugs.

RACHEL
It's easier than saying Michael Myers came back.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - OCTOBER 31, 1988 - DAY

Warm autumn sunlight.

Rachel, high school aged, leaves campus with her books tucked beneath one arm. She laughs with a friend.

Across the parking lot, a figure stands beside a line of trees. Motionless. Too far away to identify. But Rachel notices and looks again.

The figure is gone.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

RACHEL
It started that morning.

Mercer raises an eyebrow.

MERCER
What started?

RACHEL
The feeling,

She struggles to describe it.

RACHEL
Like someone had decided to spend the day watching me.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Rachel pumps gas. She looks toward the road. A station wagon idles across the street. She can't see the driver.

The car pulls away.

FLASHBACK

She walks Jamie home from school. Jamie chatters happily beside her. Rachel glances over her shoulder.

Nobody.

Still, she keeps looking.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

Rachel clasps her hands together.

RACHEL
I almost called the police.

Mercer asks quietly.

MERCER
Why didn't you?

RACHEL
What was I supposed to say? 'Hello, I think somebody looked at me'. People are watched every day. Nobody calls 911 for that.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jamie's costume. Candy bowls. Television flickering in the living room.

Then the phone rings. Rachel answers.

Nobody. Click. She hangs up. The lights flicker.

Jamie looks uneasy.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

Rachel's expression darkens.

RACHEL
That's when I knew. The house didn't feel like ours anymore.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

The front door opens. Brady rushes inside. Out of breath.

BRADY
Rachel!

Rachel runs to him.

Jamie stands frozen at the top of the stairs. Brady grabs Rachel's shoulders.

BRADY
Take Jamie! Go!

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL
What happened?

Brady looks past her. His face drains of color.

Rachel slowly turns. At the end of the hallway, a man stands in darkness.

White mask. Black eyes. Perfectly still.

Brady whispers -

BRADY
Jesus.

He pushes Rachel toward the stairs.

BRADY
Go!

Rachel grabs Jamie. They run.

Halfway up the stairs, Rachel looks back. Brady steps between them and the hallway.

Michael walks forward.

The image shatters.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

Rachel has stopped speaking.

She wipes at one eye, embarrassed by the tears.

RACHEL
That’s the last time I saw Brady alive.

Mercer leans forward.

MERCER
His body was recovered the next afternoon.

Rachel nods.

RACHEL
Harper’s Field.

Mercer glances at the report.

MERCER
Official cause of death, self-inflicted stab wounds.

Rachel immediately shakes her head.

RACHEL
No.

Mercer doesn’t challenge her.

MERCER
Why are you so certain?

Rachel rises and walks to a hallway closet.

She returns carrying a faded cardboard archive box. The tape has yellowed with age.

She sets it on the coffee table.

Inside:

Police reports.

Newspaper articles.

Handwritten notes.

Photographs.

Letters.

Four decades preserved in paper.

Rachel gently lifts an evidence photograph and hands it to Mercer.

RACHEL
Look at the hallway.

Mercer studies it. Nothing unusual.

Rachel points to a faint smear along the wall. Barely visible.

RACHEL
That’s where Brady hit.

Mercer looks up. Rachel continues.

RACHEL
Michael threw him into that wall like a ragdoll. Brady bought us the thirty seconds we needed to get out that door. He died saving my life.

Bennett looks at Mercer, who then glances back at the report.

MERCER
The investigators believed -

Rachel cuts him off.

RACHEL
I know what they believed! They told the papers we had a fight. That he couldn’t handle the breakup. They found his body dumped across town in Harper’s Field and called it suicide.

She leans forward, tapping the edge of the police report.

RACHEL
You’re an investigator, Agent Mercer. How does a seventeen-year-old boy stab himself to death, drag his own body two miles across town and bleed out in a field without leaving a single footprint in the mud?

Mercer is silent. He looks at the report. The physical impossibility is glaring.

RACHEL
They didn’t even swab the hallway. They didn’t measure the drag marks on the porch. Because if they looked at the science, they’d have to admit a second person was in that house.

She sinks back into her chair, her anger giving way to a profound, exhausting grief.

RACHEL
They needed Brady.
(beat)
Because if Brady didn’t do it, then maybe Michael Myers did. And Haddonfield would rather brand a dead teenager a murderer than look in the mirror and admit the Boogeyman is still walking their streets.

The room falls completely silent. Even Bennett has stopped writing. Mercer slowly lowers the photograph. His certainty has begun to erode.

He asks one final question.

MERCER
Why Jamie?

Rachel thinks for a long moment.

RACHEL
I don’t think he wanted Jamie.

Rachel looks toward the front window.

Outside, children in costumes are beginning to appear on neighborhood sidewalks.

RACHEL
I think Jamie was with me. He watched me all day. By the time the sun went down, he already knew exactly where I'd be.

Mercer says nothing. But something in his expression changes.

He's beginning to recognize a pattern.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The neighborhood has settled into Halloween. Porch lights begin flickering on one by one. Children, already dressed in costumes, race through front yards while parents decorate porches in anticipation of nightfall.

Emma's Civic pulls into the driveway. She kills the engine. She grabs the grocery bag and climbs out.

Murphy barks excitedly from inside the house. Emma smiles.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma opens the door. Murphy immediately bounds toward her, tail wagging. She kneels to greet him.

EMMA
Hey, buddy. Miss me?

Murphy licks her hand before suddenly stopping. His ears perk. He turns toward the hallway, almost like he's listening.

Emma notices and looks down the hall.

Nothing.

She scratches behind his ears.

EMMA
Just trick-or-treaters.

Murphy doesn't move.

Finally, he relaxes.

Emma heads into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Emma unloads groceries. Pizza. Popcorn. Halloween candy.

She places Noah's candy into a small orange gift bag and smiles to herself.

Her phone then **BUZZES**.

A text from Molly:

Still good for 6:30? Noah can't wait.

Emma replies:

Can't wait.

She sets the phone aside and opens the refrigerator.

Something catches her eye. The back door. It's open. Only an inch. Barely noticeable. But open. Emma frowns and walks over.

She knows she shut it that morning. She pushes it closed.

Locks it.

She stands there, listening. The wind rustles leaves outside. Nothing else.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma changes the television to the local news while gathering her things.

The anchor speaks over footage of downtown.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
…city officials expect record attendance for tonight's remembrance ceremony…

Emma barely listens.

Murphy suddenly begins growling. Low. Almost under his breath.

Emma looks over. Murphy is staring toward the front window. She follows his gaze. The curtains move gently. Only from the breeze of an open window. She walks over, pulls them aside and closes the window.

Outside, an elderly couple walks their dog. Across the street, children trick-or-treating.

EMMA
(to herself)
I thought you outgrew superstitions.

She closes the curtain.

Behind her, the television continues.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
…authorities are still asking for the public's help locating missing resident Sandra Holden, last seen yesterday evening…

Emma glances back toward the television. A smiling driver's license photo fills the screen.

Thirty-two, nurse, missing. Emma watches a moment longer than she intended. She turns the television off. Silence feels preferable.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The evening light spills through the curtains.

Emma changes into jeans and a comfortable sweater. She then brushes her hair and applies just enough makeup to feel presentable.

Murphy lies near the bedroom door. Watching. Certainly not sleeping.

Emma notices.

EMMA
You're acting weird today, Murph. Halloween must have you excited.

Murphy's eyes remain fixed on the hallway.

Emma laughs softly and grabs her jacket and then slips on her shoes.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma picks up the grocery bag and leans down to Murphy.

EMMA
I'll be back before you know it.

She opens the front door and steps outside.

EXT. EMMA’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Locks the door behind her.

She then pulls away, the taillights disappear around the corner.

And then silence.

INT. FRONT ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the house, Murphy continues staring toward the hallway. His ears twitch.

A floorboard **CREAKS** somewhere deeper inside the house. Murphy slowly stands. The growl returns.

The hallway remains empty.

Another **CREAK**. Closer this time. Murphy takes a cautious step backward.

The camera slowly pushes down the dark hallway toward the bedrooms. Every door is closed.

Nothing moves. Nothing. Until one bedroom door eases open just an inch. Slowly. Almost silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA’S HOUSE - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

The last traces of daylight surrender to dusk. Porch lights flicker on across the neighborhood.

Children, dressed as pirates, witches, superheroes and ghosts, laugh as they make their way down the sidewalks with parents close behind.

The sounds of Halloween.

Emma’s Civic already around the corner, headed toward the Henderson house.

Silence settles over the neighboring homes.

Inside Emma’s house, Murphy continues to **HOWL**. It’s not a bark but a long, mournful cry.

EXT. MRS. THOMPSON’S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Thompson pauses while placing a bowl of candy beside her front door. She hears the wailing dog.

MRS. THOMPSON
That poor thing.

The howl comes again.

She looks toward Emma's house. No lights. No movement. Emma's car is gone. Mrs. Thompson frowns. She has known Emma for years. Murphy has never sounded like that.

She grabs a flashlight from beside the door.

Walks next door.

EXT. EMMA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Crunching leaves beneath her shoes, she reaches the porch.

Knocks gently.

MRS. THOMPSON
Emma?

No answer. Murphy whines somewhere inside.

Mrs. Thompson tries the knob, it's locked.

She starts back toward the sidewalk and then notices something. Emma's side gate. Standing open. It rocks gently in the breeze.

Mrs. Thompson's smile fades. Emma always keeps it latched. Especially because of Murphy.

EXT. SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

The gate **CREAKS** softly as she pushes it open. The flashlight beam cuts across the narrow walkway.

Fallen leaves and garden tools. Nothing unusual

MRS. THOMPSON
Emma?

Only the wind answers.

Murphy growls now from inside.

Mrs. Thompson continues toward the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The yard is empty. A lawn chair sways gently.

Murphy can be heard scratching frantically at the back door from inside.

MRS. THOMPSON
You're getting yourself worked up, old -

A **SHADOW** glides across the kitchen window. Mrs. Thompson freezes. She swings the flashlight toward the glass.

Nothing. Just her own reflection. She laughs nervously.

The back door. It's open again. Just an inch. She slowly walks toward it.

MRS. THOMPSON
Emma?

Still nothing. She reaches the doorway and peers inside. Dark hallway. Silent kitchen.

Murphy is nowhere in sight.

She takes one cautious step backward. Murphy suddenly erupts into furious barking.

But it's not at her. It's at something behind her.

Mrs. Thompson slowly turns. The flashlight beam catches a white mask.

Standing at the edge of the yard. Motionless. A man in dark coveralls. The beam trembles.

MRS. THOMPSON
Oh. You startled me.

No response.

MRS. THOMPSON
Can I help you?

Nothing. Not even breathing. The silence is somehow worse.

Mrs. Thompson takes another cautious step backward. The masked figure takes one step forward.

She looks toward the side of the house. Then back at him.

Her smile disappears. She realizes something is terribly wrong.

She moves quickly off the porch and down the side of the house.

Not looking back.

Eventually, Mrs. Thompson reaches the gate - but it won't budge. The latch has fallen into place.

Her fingers fumble with it. She glances over her shoulder. The figure keeps walking. Never hurrying and never stopping.

Mrs. Thompson's breathing becomes shallow.

MRS. THOMPSON
Please, if this is some kind of Halloween prank…

The gate finally swings open. She stumbles through straight into the side of the house. The flashlight slips from her hand.

It hits the ground. The beam spins wildly across the yard. Across fallen leaves. Across scattered decorations. Across the white mask.

Closer now.

Mrs. Thompson scrambles to her feet but before she can move, Michael lunges. His hand clamps over her mouth. The other seizes her by the throat.

Mrs. Thompson struggles and kicks. She claws at his sleeve. He doesn't react. His grip only tightens.

A few children laugh somewhere down the block, unaware.

Michael draws the kitchen knife. Mrs. Thompson's frightened eyes search the empty street. No one looks this way.

She tries to scream but only a muffled cry escapes.

The knife flashes before being plunged into her chest. Again. And again. Each movement deliberate. Unhurried, almost mechanical.

Her resistance weakens. Her hands slowly fall away.

The neighborhood remains blissfully unaware.

A gust of wind lifts orange leaves across the lawn.

Michael then carries her from the side of the house to the front porch. He moves her over to a wicker chair in the corner of the porch and then studies her for a long moment.

His head tilts ever so slightly, as though trying to understand something only he can see.

He then notices some spilled candy. One small chocolate bar rests against the toe of his boot.

He bends and picks it up, turns it over once in his hand.

He sets it gently on Mrs. Thompson's lap. Almost ceremonially.

Without another glance, he walks into the darkness between the houses. The porch light flickers overhead.

Murphy's mournful howl echoes through the neighborhood. Children continue laughing somewhere just beyond the trees.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY DOYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mercer and Bennett pull into the driveway of a small, aging house on the edge of Haddonfield. Unlike Jamie and Rachel's homes, Tommy's feels frozen in time.

The porch light is already on.

The front door opens before they reach it.

TOMMY DOYLE, late 50s, stands in the doorway. He looks exhausted. Older than his years.

His eyes immediately settle on Mercer.

TOMMY
You're the one all over town asking questions.

Mercer nods.

MERCER
Agent Mercer.

Tommy glances at Bennett.

TOMMY
And let me guess. You don't believe any of this.

Bennett gives a polite smile.

BENNETT
I believe evidence.

Tommy steps aside.

TOMMY
Then come see mine.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mercer stops. The house isn't cluttered like he maybe assumed. It's organized, almost painfully organized.

Shelves of binders. Newspaper boxes labeled by year. Police scanners. Cassette tapes. Property maps. Photographs. Everything cataloged.

Mercer quietly takes it in.

Bennett notices one wall covered with aerial maps of Haddonfield.

Colored pins mark different locations.

The red pin.

Mercer's eyes stop. One fresh red pin. Exactly where he remembers seeing it on the museum map. He turns toward Tommy.

MERCER
That pin…

Tommy doesn't even look.

TOMMY
I put it there.

Bennett immediately speaks.

BENNETT
Why?

TOMMY
I heard on the scanner a passerby call in an abandoned car off County Road Six. And I knew…
(beat)
Michael came home.

BENNETT
Or maybe it was just an abandoned car.

TOMMY
I know Haddonfield. I know Michael.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy spreads several crime scene photographs across the table.

He places them in chronological order. Long gaps and then nothing.

Mercer notices the years.

MERCER
It doesn't fit.

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY
Exactly. The theory is that Michael comes home every ten years. But I think that's because they only remember the anniversaries.

He taps **1995**.

TOMMY
This one ruined the pattern.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - HALLOWEEN, 1995

A quiet suburban street. The renovated Myers house.

Children's toys in the yard. A happy family has made it a home.

A younger Tommy rides past on his bicycle.

He slows. Looks toward the upstairs bedroom.

Nothing.

He starts to pedal away. A curtain shifts, just slightly. He turns back. The window is still.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

Tommy removes a yellowed newspaper.

The headline:

LOCAL FATHER KILLS FAMILY, TAKES OWN LIFE

Bennett scans it.

BENNETT
Domestic disturbances. Alcohol. Neighbors heard arguing. Everything points to him.
(beat)
At least on paper.

TOMMY
On paper is where Haddonfield survives.

He leans over the table, tapping the 1995 crime scene photo of the father.

TOMMY
A drunken father with a rifle. That's a tragedy, Agent Bennett. It's neat. It has a beginning, a middle and an end. You can hold a press conference for a tragedy. You file the report, scrub the floors and tell the neighbors it's safe to let their kids walk to school again.

Tommy pauses and looks at the two.

TOMMY
But Michael? You can't hold a press conference for Michael Myers. If the Sheriff stands up at that podium and admits that a monster walked into that house, slaughtered a family and walked back out into the dark without leaving a fingerprint…then he's admitting law enforcement is powerless. He's admitting the monsters are real.

Tommy slides another photograph across the table. An exterior shot. The backyard. Police tape.

TOMMY
The father was found outside. The family was killed upstairs.

Mercer looks closer. His brow furrows as he traces the layout of the house. He slowly looks up. He understands the inconsistency.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Police lights bathe the Myers house. Tommy stands behind the crowd. He watches detectives carry evidence boxes out. Nobody looks toward the second-floor window.

Tommy does. For the briefest instant, a pale face seems to be standing behind the glass.

He blinks and it’s gone.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT

BENNETT
Did you tell the police what you saw?

Tommy laughs.

TOMMY
That night and every year since.

He gestures toward the shelves.

TOMMY
That’s what all this is. Every letter they never answered. Every tip they never followed. Every interview they canceled.

Mercer thinks.

MERCER
Including one scheduled with the Bureau.

Tommy nods.

TOMMY
Twenty years ago. Agent Richard Cassidy. He called me and wanted to hear everything. Then nothing. Never heard from him again.

Mercer’s expression changes. He then looks around the room.

MERCER
Why would you? Silence seems contagious around here.

Tommy looks at the thousands of maps, tapes and binders filling the walls around them.

TOMMY
At first, in the eighties, they told us we were traumatized. That the mind plays tricks when it's grieving. Ten years go by and "traumatized" turns into "obsessed." Twenty years go by, and suddenly me, Rachel, Jamie… we're not survivors anymore. We're just the town crazies who can't let 1978 go.

He steps closer to Mercer.

TOMMY
That's how the town cured itself, Agent Mercer. They didn't just bury Michael. They buried us. Because as long as we're the ones who are insane, Haddonfield gets to be sane.

BENNETT
And why do you think he comes back?

Bennett changes gears.

Tommy leans forward.

TOMMY
Everybody keeps asking why he comes back.
(beat)
Who says he ever left?

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

The neighborhood is more bustling than when we were last here.

Children dart from house to house beneath strings of orange lights. Parents linger at the curb, chatting as they keep watch.

Music drifts from a nearby porch. Laughter fills the cool autumn air.

Three trick-or-treaters, dressed as **Spider-Man**, **Wednesday Addams** and a **Minecraft Creeper**, walk up the sidewalk comparing their candy.

CREEPER
I bet this house has the good stuff.

Spider-Man looks toward the porch of Emma's house. The porch light glows warmly. But every light inside the house is dark.

He slows.

SPIDER-MAN
Is anybody even home?

Wednesday ADDAMS shrugs.

WEDNESDAY ADDAMS
The porch light's on. That means they're giving out candy. At least that's what my brother always told me.

They continue toward the front steps. From across the street, one of the parents calls after them.

PARENT (O.S.)
(shouting)
Don't be long!

They reach the porch. A large bowl of candy has spilled out on the ground.

The trick-or-treaters look at it confused.

Something isn't right.

The Creeper follows a trail of *something* red from the toppled over candy bowl, to the corner of the porch.

Spider-Man notices he's staring.

SPIDER-MAN
What?

The Creeper slowly points. Just beyond the porch swing, someone is sitting in the old wicker chair.

Perfectly still. Head lowered. Hidden by the shadows.

At first glance, it looks like an elderly woman who has simply fallen asleep while waiting for trick-or-treaters.

Wednesday gives a small laugh.

WEDNESDAY ADDAMS
I think she's asleep.

Spider-Man nervously steps a little closer.

SPIDER-MAN
Ma'am?

No response. The porch creaks beneath his feet.

Still nothing. He takes another cautious step.

The moonlight slips between the porch columns. Just enough to reveal Mrs. Thompson.

Motionless. Her clothes are stained dark. One hand hangs limply over the arm of the chair. A trail of candy has spilled across the porch at her feet.

Spider-Man's breathing increases. His candy bucket slips from his hand. It crashes onto the porch. Chocolate bars scatter everywhere. The sound echoes through the suddenly quiet street.

Wednesday finally sees what he's looking at. Her expression collapses. She lets out a terrified scream.

The Creeper stumbles backward, falling off the porch steps.

Parents spin toward the house.

The laughter up and down the block stops. Conversations die mid-sentence. Front doors begin opening. Neighbors rush toward Emma's house. The once-cheerful sounds of Halloween are replaced by confusion and then panic.

As people converge on the porch, the camera slowly pulls back.

Emma's dark house. Mrs. Thompson's lifeless form.

Children crying. Adults shouting for someone to call 911.

The neighborhood that, only moments ago, felt perfectly safe has become a crime scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Halloween is in full gear.

The neighborhood has transformed. Porches glow orange and purple. Fog machines spill across lawns. Children move from house to house carrying plastic pumpkins and pillowcases.

Laughter fills the streets. A perfect Halloween night. A normal Halloween night. At least from the outside.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma stands in the kitchen, placing the last of the candy into a bowl.

NOAH, 8, sits at the kitchen table, wearing a half-finished superhero costume. His mask sits crooked on his head.

NOAH
Do you think superheroes get scared?

Emma looks over.

EMMA
The good ones do.

Noah considers this.

NOAH
Then why are they superheroes?

Emma walks over, fixes his mask.

EMMA
Because they do something even when they’re scared.

Noah nods, taking her comment seriously.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A Halloween show plays quietly on television. Noah sits on the floor surrounded by candy wrappers. Emma sits on the couch with a book. For the first time all day it seems, she relaxes.

The events of the last twenty-four hours feel far away.

The missing woman. The stories. The rumors. All of it. They’re just stories.

Then the television changes. A local news report. A reporter stands outside the Haddonfield courthouse.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
…officials continue preparations for tonight’s remembrance ceremony while police continue searching for missing Haddonfield resident Sandra Holden…

Emma looks up. The name catches her attention.

A brief image appears on screen. Sandra’s missing person photo. Emma uncomfortably watches.

Noah grabs the remote.

NOAH
Can we watch something else?

Emma looks at him and smiles.

EMMA
I think that’s a good idea.

She lets him change it. The news disappears. But the feeling remains.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera slowly pulls away from the house.

The sounds of Halloween surround it. Children laughing. Parents talking. Music playing from nearby houses.

Everything feels alive.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock at the door. Noah jumps up.

NOAH
Trick-or-treaters!

He runs toward the door. Emma laughs as she follows.

EMMA
Slow down.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma opens the door. Three children stand on the porch.

A vampire, a witch and a skeleton.

CHILDREN
Trick or treat!

Emma smiles and hands them candy.

EMMA
Happy Halloween.

The children thank her and run off. Noah watches them disappear. Excited.

Emma closes the door and locks it.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The street remains busy. But the camera moves away from the house as the previous trick-or-treaters scurry away from it.

Past the porch.

Past the decorations.

Toward the edge of the property.

The neighborhood noise fades. The darkness between houses feels deeper. We follow down the street until -

A figure moves.

EXT. HADDONFIELD RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Michael Myers walks through Haddonfield.

Children pass nearby. Parents laugh.

A car drives by.

Nobody notices. Nobody sees him.

He stops at the corner. Looks toward the neighborhood. Toward the houses. Toward the lights.

The town may have changed. But he hasn’t.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael stands across the street, watching.

Emma appears through the window. Laughing with Noah.

She has no idea. But we see what she cannot.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma helps Noah put together a bowl of popcorn. She glances toward the window. Something catches her eye. Across the street.

Nothing. Only shadows.

She looks back toward Noah. Smiles.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The streetlight flickers. The spot where Michael stood is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER

The room is quiet. Tommy sits back in his chair.

Mercer absently studies the maps on the wall and Bennett closes her notebook. No one speaks.

Mercer's phone suddenly **VIBRATES.**

He glances down.

DEPUTY REED

He answers.

MERCER
(into phone)
Mercer.

He listens. His expression slowly changes.

Tommy watches him carefully.

MERCER
(into phone)
We'll be there.

Mercer lowers the phone.

Tommy doesn't ask what happened. He already knows.

TOMMY
There's going to be more before the night is over.

Mercer looks at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red and blue lights pulse across the quiet neighborhood.

The festive glow of jack-o'-lanterns has been replaced by flashing cruisers and yellow crime scene tape.

Parents hurriedly usher their children home. Half-filled candy buckets sit abandoned along the sidewalk. The laughter of Halloween has vanished.

Deputy Reed stands near the front walkway, speaking quietly with crime scene technicians.

A photographer documents every inch of the porch.

Just beyond them, Sheriff Collins, steady and composed despite the chaos, surveys the growing crowd gathering behind the police line.

Mercer and Bennett duck beneath the tape.

Reed notices them first.

REED
Agent Mercer. Agent Bennett. Thanks for coming.

Sheriff Collins turns.

COLLINS
What a night.

Mercer nods before his attention immediately drifts toward the porch.

Whatever lies beneath the forensic tent has already changed the atmosphere of the entire street.

MERCER
What do we have?

Reed exchanges a glance with the Sheriff.

COLLINS
Female. Elderly. Pronounced at the scene.

He pauses, wanting to choose his words carefully.

COLLINS
Whoever did this, didn’t leave her where they killed her.

Mercer’s eyes narrow.

MERCER
She was moved.

Reed nods.

REED
Looks that way. There's a trail of blood starting from the side of the house.

Bennett scans the porch. The careful placement of evidence markers. The body positioned in plain view. The scattered bowl of Halloween candy.

She quietly observes.

BENNETT
She was meant to be found.

Mercer looks toward the neighboring house.

MERCER
Who is she?

REED
Margaret Thompson. Lived next door.

Mercer studies both homes. Then looks back at the porch.

MERCER
This isn't her house.

COLLINS
No. It's Emma Carter's.

Mercer immediately looks back toward the residence.

MERCER
Where is she?

Collins shakes his head.

SHERIFF COLLINS
We don't know. Neighbors say she left earlier. Hasn't been back. Her car's not here. No one's seen her tonight.

MERCER
She's not inside, is she?

Reed looks back to the house.

REED
Nope. Only thing we found inside was her very upset dog.

Mercer's expression hardens. He studies the house again.

BENNETT
You think there's a connection?

Mercer doesn't answer immediately. His eyes linger on the front porch.

Then -

MERCER
I think whoever did this chose this house for a reason.

Silence.

Collins follows Mercer's gaze. He doesn't disagree. But neither man is willing to speculate. At least not yet.

Behind the tape, a small crowd has formed. Several people are filming with their phones. A local television news van slowly turns onto the street.

Mercer notices it. His expression tightens.

MERCER
Sheriff, I'd like to keep this as contained as possible. At least for the time being.

Collins looks toward the approaching news van. Then back to Mercer.

COLLINS
I'll do what I can. But once this hits the nightly news, it's out of my hands.

Mercer nods.

He turns back toward Reed.

MERCER
Find Emma Carter. If she knows anything, I want to hear it before the rest of the town starts writing its own story.

Reed nods, already reaching for his radio.

Mercer takes one last look at the porch. The Halloween decorations. The abandoned candy. The frightened neighbors.

It's going to be a long night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The neighborhood has settled into Halloween’s rhythm.

In the distance, police lights from Emma’s street flicker against the night sky.

Most people assume it’s a medical emergency. Nobody knows the truth.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A marked Haddonfield Sheriff’s cruiser rolls slowly through a residential street a few blocks from the Henderson house.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel is **DEPUTY EVAN MILLER**, late 20s.

He scans the sidewalks more out of routine than concern.

His radio crackles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit Seventeen, continue neighborhood patrol. Advise of any unusual activity near the east residential district.

He grabs his radio.

MILLER
(into radio)
Copy that.

He smiles as two children dressed as video game characters race across a lawn.

Just another Halloween.

Then there’s movement.

Out of the corner of his eye, a figure slowly crosses between two backyards.

Miller eases off the accelerator. The figure disappears behind a privacy fence. He watches for another glimpse.

Nothing.

Miller picks up his radio.

MILLER
(into radio)
Dispatch. Possible suspicious subject between Willow and Pine. Adult male. Couldn't get a good look. Probably somebody cutting through yards. I'm gonna check it out.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy, Unit Seventeen. Advise when clear.

Miller keys off the radio. He isn't alarmed. It's Halloween. People wear masks. People trespass. It happens every year. But *this year* might be different.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Miller steps through an unlocked gate. Flashlight in one hand, his other resting near, but not on, his holster.

The beam sweeps across children's toys. A swing gently moving in the breeze. A forgotten bicycle. Nothing unusual.

He continues. Another gate. Another backyard.

The sounds of Halloween become more distant with each step. The laughter fades. Only the rustling of leaves remains.

EXT. BETWEEN TWO HOUSES

The flashlight catches white. A pale face. Standing perfectly still between two homes. Too far away to make out.

Miller exhales. Almost annoyed.

MILLER
Hey!

The figure doesn't move.

MILLER
Sir!

No response.

The figure slowly turns and walks behind the next house.

MILLER
(shaking his head)
Come on…

He follows.

Miller rounds the corner. Empty.

His flashlight sweeps across a wooden fence. Shrubs. A garden. Nobody, though.

He frowns and then looks back the way he came. The beam settles on an open gate, slowly swinging.

Creak.

Creak.

Miller approaches. The radio clipped to his shoulder pops.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit Seventeen. Radio check.

Miller reaches for the microphone. Before he can answer, he pauses. A feeling.

Someone behind him. He turns.

Standing several yards away, motionless beneath the branches of a tree, a man in dark coveralls and an expressionless white mask.

Watching. Not moving.

Miller instinctively reaches for his sidearm.

MILLER
Sheriff’s Department! Don’t move!

Miller draws his weapon.

MILLER
I said don’t move!

He takes one cautious step forward. Michael remains perfectly still.

Miller takes another step. The flashlight beam trembles slightly as it tracks him.

His eyes flick toward the darkness beside the tree. Just for a second. He looks back. Michael is no longer where he was standing. Miller freezes.

His flashlight sweeps across the yard. Nothing.

Then, **A SHADOW** moves behind him.

Miller turns, too late. Michael is already there.

His hand clamps around Miller's throat. Miller gasps. His gun and flashlight drop into the grass. He grabs at Michael's arm. Michael lifts him off the ground. Miller's boots kick helplessly.

MILLER
Help -

Michael **SLAMS** him against the trunk of the tree. He then does it again. Finally, a third time.

Miller goes limp. Michael releases him. Miller collapses into the grass.

The radio clipped to his shoulder **POPS**.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Unit Seventeen?

Static.

Michael stands over Miller. The flashlight lies several feet away, its beam cutting across the grass.

Michael turns and walks back into the darkness. Gone.

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET

Miller's patrol cruiser remains parked at the curb. Engine idling. Headlights illuminating empty lawns.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A sea of orange lights glows beneath the October sky.

The courthouse lawn has been transformed for the town's annual Halloween Remembrance Ceremony.

A temporary stage stands at the center of the square.

Behind it, a towering display of carved jack-o'-lanterns surrounds a bronze memorial honoring those lost fifty years earlier.

Rows of folding chairs stretch across the lawn. Nearly every seat is occupied. Families stand shoulder to shoulder near the back. Children weave between adults with candy buckets clutched in their hands.

Television cameras are already in position.

A banner hangs across the stage.

FIFTY YEARS OF COMMUNITY

The atmosphere is respectful but noticeably different than it was only an hour ago.

People whisper. Conversations stop when someone walks by. Everyone has heard something. No one knows exactly what.

Near the edge of the crowd, Mercer and Bennett arrive. They scan the gathering.

BENNETT
Looks like the whole town showed up.

Mercer studies the faces. Parents. Teenagers. Survivors. People who were children in 1978 and others too young to remember it.

MERCER
That’s what worries me.

Across the square, Collins speaks quietly with Deputy Reed.

Reed has his portable radio in hand. It crackles with routine traffic. He glances toward the Sheriff.

REED
Still nothing from Miller.

The Sheriff checks his watch. Not alarmed, at least not yet.

COLLINS
Maybe he’s tied up on a call.

Reed doesn’t seem convinced.

REED
He would’ve checked in.

The Sheriff takes Reed’s radio, activates the microphone.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Unit Seventeen - Deputy Miller. Come in.

Only static answers. Collins tries again.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Miller, this is the Sheriff.
Please provide your status.

Nothing. He lowers the radio. Thinking.

The crowd begins settling into their seats.

The ceremony is about to begin. **MAYOR CARL ELLIS**, 50s, steps onto the stage. The conversations slowly fade. The television cameras go live.

A local reporter whispers into her microphone.

REPORTER
We're coming to you live from Haddonfield's fiftieth annual remembrance ceremony…

Near the stage, Mercer notices the Sheriff. Their eyes meet. Collins walks over.

Quietly, so no one overhears.

COLLINS
We've got another problem.

MERCER
What is it?

COLLINS
One of my deputies stopped answering his radio. He was checking out a suspicious person a few blocks from here. Hasn't responded in several minutes.

Bennett glances over toward Reed.

He's already trying again.

BENNETT
Could've lost signal.

COLLINS
That's what I'm hoping. Our gear is pretty dated out in these parts.

Mercer glances toward the stage. Then back to the Sheriff.

The square is packed. Hundreds of people. Families. Children.

He lowers his voice.

MERCER
Send another unit. Quietly. No lights. No sirens. The last thing this town needs tonight is another reason to panic.

The Sheriff nods.

He turns toward Reed. A subtle gesture.

Reed immediately understands. He speaks into his shoulder microphone as he walks away from the crowd.

No one notices. Except Mercer.

A bell chimes from the courthouse clock. Seven o'clock.

Mayor Ellis steps to the podium. The crowd falls silent. He adjusts the microphone and looks out across the town. A solemn smile.

MAYOR ELLIS
Good evening. Thank you all for being here. For fifty years, on this night, the people of Haddonfield have gathered to remember those whose lives were forever changed by unimaginable tragedy. But tonight isn't about fear. It's about who we chose to become afterward. We are parents. Teachers. Neighbors. Friends. We are a community. And for fifty years, that's what has endured.

As Ellis continues speaking, the camera slowly drifts away from the stage. Across the crowd, past rows of flickering pumpkins and toward the darkness of Haddonfield

CUT TO:

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Animated Halloween specials flicker across the television. A plastic pumpkin glows on the mantel.

A bowl of popcorn rests on the coffee table next to Emma's pumpkin cookies.

Noah, still dressed as his superhero costume, happily sorts through his candy. Trading chocolate for gummies.

EMMA
You know, when I was your age, the peanut butter cups were always the first to disappear from my candy stash.

Noah grins.

NOAH
Dad always steals those.

Emma laughs.

EMMA
Your dad has excellent taste.

Emma glances toward the clock.

7:18.

Outside, children laugh as they move from house to house. Doorbells ring. Parents chat from neighboring driveways.

Halloween continues.

NOAH
Can we watch something scary now?

Emma raises an eyebrow.

EMMA
Last time we watched something scary, you slept with every light in the house on.

NOAH
That was different.

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Sure it was.

She scrolls through the streaming menu. Settling on a classic monster movie. Harmless.

The opening credits begin.

Noah sits cross-legged on the floor, completely engrossed. A handful of popcorn hangs forgotten in his hand.

Emma watches him more than the movie. She smiles.

EMMA
Still think you can handle scary?

Without looking away, Noah responds.

NOAH
This isn't scary.

Emma chuckles.

EMMA
Confident. I like it.

The **DOORBELL** rings. Emma glances toward the front door.

EMMA
I'll be right back.

Noah nods, eyes never leaving the television.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY

Emma grabs the candy bowl from the small table beside the door. She opens it. Two trick-or-treaters stand on the porch.

A football player and a Grim Reaper.

They excitedly call out -

KIDS
Trick-or-treat!

She laughs and begins dropping candy in their bags.

The Grim Reaper looks past Emma, into the hallway beyond the foyer.

His smile slowly fades. His eyes narrow. He tilts his head.

GRIM REAPER
Who's that?

Emma turns instinctively. The hallway is empty. Only soft light spilling in from the living room. She looks back.

EMMA
Who's who?

The Reaper raises one tiny finger. Points, toward the hallway. Emma looks again. Nothing.

The football player gently lowers the boy's arm.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
(to the Grim Reaper)
Come on. You're gonna make us miss the next house.

He smiles apologetically to Emma. The children hurry down the walkway. The Reaper glances back once. Still staring toward the house.

Emma watches them disappear. Her smile slowly fades. She quietly closes the door.

Emma stands in silence. She looks toward the hallway. Nothing. A family photograph hangs slightly crooked. A coat rests on a hook. Everything exactly where it should be.

She shakes her head and sets the candy bowl on the table.

EMMA
Halloween.

She turns. Heads back toward the living room.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Noah notices her expression.

NOAH
What's wrong?

Emma forces a smile.

EMMA
Nothing. One of the kids thought he saw somebody in the hallway.

Noah casually looks toward the hallway. Shrugs.

NOAH
There's nobody there.

EMMA
Exactly. Probably was just a shadow.

She sits. The movie continues.

Onscreen, the monster slowly emerges from the fog. Its silhouette filling the frame.

Emma reaches for a handful of popcorn. Something catches her eye. The curtains over by one of the side windows move slightly. She glances toward them. They've stopped moving. She looks back to the television.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The movie continues to play.

Noah laughs at one of the intentionally cheesy special effects. Emma relaxes. Another knock. This one softer. Three slow raps.

Emma looks toward the front door.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY

Emma walks up to the peephole. Looks outside. Nobody. She opens the door anyway. The porch is empty.

Pumpkins glow along the railing. Leaves drift across the sidewalk. Across the street, a family walks house to house collecting candy.

Emma steps onto the porch. Looks left. Then right. Nothing.

EMMA
Very funny.

She closes the door. Locks it.

As she walks back toward the living room, she glances through the narrow sidelight window beside the front door.

For the briefest instant, she thinks she sees someone standing near the front of the house. Tall. Motionless. Hidden partly behind the hedge.

She immediately turns and looks directly through the glass. Nothing but darkness. She stares a moment longer. Listening. The distant sounds of Halloween continue without interruption. She returns to the living room and Noah.

The camera remains on the front door. On the window.

After several long seconds, a pale white mask slowly eases into view from outside. Silent. Watching.

Then it disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The ceremony continues. The crowd listens respectfully.

Mayor Ellis speaks from the stage.

At the edge of the crowd, Sheriff Collins stands with Deputy Reed. Neither is watching the ceremony. They are watching the street.

Reed holds his radio. A burst of static. No response. He lowers it. Collins notices.

COLLINS
Anything?

Reed shakes his head.

REED
No. The other unit should've found him by now.

Sheriff Collins looks toward the road. The direction Miller went.

Mercer and Bennett stand nearby. They have been watching. Bennett notices the exchange.

BENNETT
(to Mercer)
They're not worried about losing radio contact anymore.

Mercer watches the Sheriff.

MERCER
No.
(beat)
They're worried about what they might find.

Bennett looks toward the crowd. Children. Families. Hundreds of people.

BENNETT
And they're still letting this continue?

Mercer looks at the stage. At the cameras. At the mayor.

MERCER
Shutting it down will tell everyone something is wrong.

Bennett looks back at him.

BENNETT
Something *is* wrong.

On stage, Mayor Ellis continues.

The crowd applauds softly.

MAYOR ELLIS
For fifty years, people have asked how Haddonfield moved forward.

He looks across the crowd.

MAYOR ELLIS
The answer has always been the same. Each other.

The crowd applauds. Parents smile. People hold hands.

Then the Sheriff’s radio crackles. Everyone near him looks over. He answers immediately.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Sheriff Collins.

Static. Then dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Sheriff, I need to update you.

The Sheriff steps away. Reed follows. Mercer notices.

Collins keeps his voice low.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
The responding unit has not made contact.

The Sheriff’s jaw tightens.

COLLINS
(into radio)
How long?

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Eight minutes.

Reed looks away. Eight minutes. Too long.

Mercer approaches.

MERCER
What’s happening?

Collins hesitates.

COLLINS
The second unit isn't responding either.

Bennett hears. Her expression changes.

BENNETT
Two deputies?

Sheriff Collins looks at the ceremony.

COLLINS
What the hell is going on?

Mercer looks at the stage. Mayor Ellis continues. Still speaking. Still smiling. Still unaware.

EXT. HADDONFIELD TOWN SQUARE - BACK OF CROWD - CONTINUOUS

A little girl laughs. Her father tells her to quiet down. A teenager records the ceremony on his phone. A woman lights a candle.

Then a sound. A gasp. Small at first, almost lost.

A woman near the stage looks upward. Confused. She nudges the person beside her.

WOMAN
(pointing)
What is that?

The person looks. Their expression changes.

The camera operator notices. The lens slowly shifts.

On stage, Mayor Ellis sees people reacting. He stops.

MAYOR ELLIS
Ladies and gentlemen?

Nobody responds. Everyone is looking behind him. Above him.

The reporter lowers her microphone. The live broadcast continues. She doesn't know what to say.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Ellis slowly turns. His smile disappears.

Above the stage. At first, it's difficult to understand what people are seeing. A shape. A shadow. Something hanging.

Then the crowd realizes.

Sandra.

She has been placed there deliberately, perfectly arranged with a giant jack-o'-lantern atop her body. This is a message.

The square erupts. Screams. People running. Parents grabbing children. Chairs overturned. The ceremony dissolves instantly.

Collins moves forward.

COLLINS
Everybody back! Move away!

Reed follows. Trying to create order where it doesn't exist.

COLLINS
Move away from the stage! Now!

Deputies rush forward.

Reed is already moving. He grabs one of the younger deputies.

REED
Get the families away from here.
Keep them moving.

The deputy nods and runs.

The television cameras are still pointed at the stage. The reporter stands frozen. Her microphone lowered.

She doesn't know whether to keep broadcasting. Whether she should or whether she can.

The cameraman looks toward her.

CAMERMAN
What do we do?

She has no answer.

Mercer and Bennett remain where they are. The noise around them fades. The screaming. The footsteps. The radios.

All of it.

Mercer looks at Sandra. Then at the stage. Then at the crowd. Hundreds of people. Exactly where someone wanted them.

Bennett watches him.

BENNETT
Mercer.

He doesn't answer right away.

BENNETT
This was never about the ceremony.

Mercer looks back toward her.

MERCER
No.
(beat)
It was about the people who would be here.

Collins approaches.

COLLINS
Tell me what you need.

Mercer looks at him. Thinks.

MERCER
I need every available officer on the street.
(beat)
And outside assistance.

Collins looks toward the chaos.

SHERIFF COLLINS
State police?

MERCER
State police. County. Anyone who can get here.
(beat)
Because this department is already behind.

Collins doesn't like hearing it. But he knows it's true.

SHERIFF COLLINS
And what exactly am I telling them?

Mercer looks toward Sandra. Then the dispersing crowd.

MERCER
That we have an active killer in Haddonfield.

No one asks ‘who’ because the implications are clear. Haddonfield and killer does not need any further explanation.

BENNETT
(to Mercer)
If this is who you think it is…

Mercer looks at her.

BENNETT
Who can help stop him?

Mercer answers immediately.

MERCER
Laurie Strode.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - NIGHT

Police lights wash over the courthouse square.

Blue. Red. Blue. Red.

The flashing colors replace the warm glow of jack-o’-lanterns.

Families spill out of downtown. Nobody is running anymore. They’re walking quickly. Looking over their shoulders.

Parents clutch children’s hands tighter than before. Kids ask questions. Most go unanswered.

A little girl dressed as a **BLACK CAT** looks back toward the courthouse. She tugs on her mother’s sleeve.

BLACK CAT
Mom…

Her mother doesn’t even look. She keeps walking.

Near the edge of the square, a teenage boy in a **GHOSTFACE** costume quietly removes the mask. The costume suddenly doesn’t feel funny anymore. He tucks it under his arm.

A police cruiser rolls slowly through Main Street. No siren. Only flashing lights. A loudspeaker blares.

DEPUTY (V.O.)
Attention residents: Halloween festivities have been suspended. Please return to your homes. Remain indoors until further notice.

The announcement echoes down otherwise festive streets. Porch conversations stop. A father carrying a toddler looks confused. Neighbors step outside. They exchange uncertain looks. Nobody knows why. Only that something has happened.

A local candy store owner stands in his doorway. He watches families leaving downtown. He quietly flips the sign. OPEN becomes CLOSED. He locks the door.

Further down the street:

The owner of a costume shop begins pulling Halloween displays back inside. A cardboard vampire catches on the doorway. He yanks harder. The display tears. He doesn’t care. He drags it inside anyway.

Televisions flicker through living room windows. News coverage has interrupted normal programming. The same helicopter shot of the courthouse square repeats again and again.

No hanging body visible. Just flashing lights. Police tape. Crowds.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Authorities have confirmed a homicide investigation is underway in downtown Haddonfield. Residents are encouraged to avoid the area and stay indoors while officers continue their investigation. No suspect information has been released at this time.

A couple loading children into an SUV pause. The father looks back toward downtown. His wife quietly speaks.

WIFE
Let’s go.

He nods and they leave.

A trick-or-treater knocks on one final door. Nobody answers. He waits. Looks at his candy bucket. Then slowly walks away.

One porch light clicks off. Then another. Then another.

Across Haddonfield, the lights begin disappearing. One house at a time.

The laughter is gone. Doorbells stop ringing. Candy bowls sit abandoned on front porches. Halloween ends.

CUT TO:

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The old monster movie winds down. Thunder crashes across the television as the hero delivers his final line.

The screen fades to black. Closing credits begin rolling.

Noah yawns. He’s still wrapped in a blanket Emma tucked around him earlier but now laying on the couch. His superhero cape peeking out from underneath.

Emma smiles.

EMMA
Still not scary?

Noah fights another yawn.

NOAH
Maybe a little.

She laughs.

EMMA
I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that.

He grins.

Within seconds, his eyelids begin growing heavy. Emma reaches over and quietly lowers the television volume. The room settles. It feels safe.

For a long moment, neither of them speaks.

Emma glances toward the digital clock on the cable box.

7:56 P.M.

She leans over, checking her phone on the end table. Still nothing from Noah’s parents. Not unusual. They said they’d probably be back around ten. Maybe later. She sets the phone back down without another thought.

Noah curls deeper beneath the blanket.

NOAH
Can I stay up until they get home?

EMMA
That depends.

NOAH
On what?

EMMA
Whether you're awake.

He opens his mouth to argue. Another yawn interrupts him. Emma smiles. She already knows who's winning.

She stands, gathering the empty popcorn bowl and two mugs.

EMMA
Don't disappear while I'm gone.

Noah gives a lazy thumbs up.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emma sets the dishes in the sink. She rinses the popcorn bowl beneath warm water. Ordinary sounds. Running water. Silverware clinking against ceramic. The hum of the refrigerator.

She reaches for a dish towel and glances out the window over the sink.

The backyard. Quiet. Nothing unusual. She dries the bowl. Turns away. Then pauses. Maybe too quiet. She listens.

The faucet continues dripping. The refrigerator hums. But outside, nothing.

Earlier the neighborhood had been alive. Children. Parents. Doorbells. Now, silence. Emma frowns. Only slightly.

Halloween always slows down later in the evening. She tells herself that's all it is.

She switches off the kitchen light. Heads back toward the living room. Passing the front window. She slows. Almost without thinking. Pulls the curtain aside an inch. The street outside is noticeably quieter. A few porch lights have gone dark.

One family hurriedly loads sleepy children into an SUV parked across the street. A little clown struggles to climb into the back seat while dragging an oversized candy bucket.

His father helps him inside. Almost panicked. The SUV pulls away.

Emma watches it disappear. Nothing strange. Just earlier than expected. She lets the curtain fall.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The streaming service has already moved on. Another classic horror film waits to begin. A familiar piano melody plays softly over the menu screen.

Emma picks up the remote. She hesitates. Looks toward Noah. He’s asleep. One arm hanging off the couch. Still clutching a miniature chocolate bar.

Emma gently removes it from his hand and places it back in the candy bucket. Pulls the blanket a little higher over his shoulders.

A faint metallic squeak. Emma freezes. Barely audible. From somewhere outside. She listens. Nothing. A beat passes. Then another. She shakes her head.

Probably someone’s gate. Or the wind.

She turns off the television instead. The room becomes instantly quieter. Almost too quiet.

She walks to the front door. Checks the deadbolt. Still locked. More habit than concern.

She glances through the narrow sidelight window. The street is nearly empty now. A police cruiser rolls slowly past the end of the block. Its emergency lights flash silently.

Blue. Red. Blue. Red.

It never turns onto the Hendersons’ street. It continues through the intersection and disappears from view. Emma watches it go.

Her brow furrows. She quietly locks the handle beneath the deadbolt. An unconscious decision. One she doesn’t even realize she’s made. Behind her, Noah stirs in his sleep. Emma looks back.

The moment passes. She smiles and heads toward the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The town square no longer resembles the place it was half an hour earlier. The stage is hidden behind portable floodlights and sheets erected to shield Sandra's body from the growing number of cameras. Yellow crime scene tape stretches across the courthouse lawn.

Television crews broadcast from behind police barricades.

State police cruisers begin arriving one by one, joining the growing line of Haddonfield patrol cars. Deputies move with purpose. Radios chatter constantly.

What had been a memorial has become a command post.

Near the Sheriff's command vehicle, Sheriff Collins studies a large street map spread across the hood of his SUV.

Deputy Reed stands beside him, relaying information from dispatch. Several locations have already been circled. Mrs. Thompson's house. The town square. Deputy Miller's last known location. More officers continue arriving. Still not enough.

Mercer and Bennett stand nearby. Mercer watches the organized chaos. Everyone is reacting. Trying to catch up. He knows they're already behind.

A uniformed deputy approaches Collins. Hesitant.

DEPUTY
Sheriff…

Sheriff Collins doesn't look up.

COLLINS
What is it?

The deputy glances toward the edge of the perimeter.

DEPUTY
There's someone here asking for the FBI.

Mercer, next to the Sheriff, looks over.

MERCER
Who?

The deputy hesitates.

MERCER
Laurie Strode.

Bennett turns immediately. Mercer's expression doesn't change. He simply nods once.

EXT. POLICE PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Beyond the yellow tape, **LAURIE STRODE** stands quietly beneath the glow of a streetlamp. Hands tucked into the pockets of a dark coat.

No entourage. No reporters. No emotion on her face.

Watching officers who weren't even born the first time Michael Myers walked these streets.

Mercer approaches. The deputy lifts the tape. Laurie steps underneath. She and Mercer stop a few feet apart. Studying one another.

Neither speaks immediately. Mercer breaks the silence.

MERCER
I was about to come looking for you.

Laurie gives the slightest shake of her head.

LAURIE
No.
(beat)
You were coming to look for answers.

Her eyes return to Mercer.

LAURIE
I'm here because you're running out of time.

Mercer continues studying her.

Collins and Bennett join them. The Sheriff extends his hand.

COLLINS
Hal Collins.

Laurie looks at his hand. She doesn't take it. Her eyes drift past him, toward the courthouse square, toward the flashing red and blue lights reflecting off the banner that reads: **FIFTY YEARS OF COMMUNITY.**

COLLINS
Agent Mercer says you might be able to help us.

Laurie slowly brings her gaze back to the Sheriff.

LAURIE
Now you want my help?

SHERIFF COLLINS
Ms. Strode -

LAURIE
For fifty years, Hal, this department told three generations of children that the monsters aren't real so they'd keep trick-or-treating. You built your community by calling me a lunatic. You branded Tommy and Rachel hysterical pariahs just so you could keep your files clean and your streets quiet.

She takes a step closer to him. The coldness in her voice is absolute.

LAURIE
You spent half a century protecting this town from the truth. And because you did, that woman hanging over your stage tonight didn't even know she was supposed to be running.

Collins swallows hard. He has no defense. He knows she is entirely right.

LAURIE
(to Mercer)
Tell me what he's done.

MERCER
One elderly woman. Staged on a front porch. A second victim displayed here. One deputy feared dead. Another unit hasn't checked in.

Laurie absorbs each detail. No visible reaction.

She looks to Mercer.

LAURIE
The woman on the porch. That wasn't her house.

MERCER
No.

LAURIE
Whose was it?

SHERIFF COLLINS
Young woman named Emma Carter. Elementary school teacher. She was gone before the body was found.

Laurie nods. Thinks.

LAURIE
She left. Mrs. Thompson didn't.
(beat)
Michael was waiting for Emma.

The group watches her carefully.

LAURIE
He did the same thing to me. He watched. He followed. He learned my routine. Long before he came after me.

Silence. Nobody interrupts. Then Laurie notices the map on the hood of the Sheriff's SUV.

LAURIE
Where did you lose your deputies?

Sheriff Collins points.

COLLINS
First Miller. Then the second responding unit. Both locations are only a few blocks apart.

Laurie reaches for the red grease pencil. She slowly draws a circle around the neighborhood. She sets the pencil down.

LAURIE
She's in here.

Everyone looks at the circle.

MERCER
You think he's still hunting her.

Laurie glances up at him.

LAURIE
I don't think.
(beat)
If he's stalking her the way he stalked me, he won't leave until he's finished.

More silence.

LAURIE
The girl you're looking for is somewhere inside this perimeter.

She taps the circle.

LAURIE
Unfortunately.
(beat)
So is Michael.

CUT TO:

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is quiet. The television remains off. Only the soft glow of a table lamp lights the room.

Noah sleeps soundly beneath the blanket. One sneaker still hangs halfway off his foot. Emma smiles to herself. She carefully slips it off without waking him.

She checks the clock.

8:24 P.M.

She picks up her phone. Still nothing from Noah's parents.

She starts typing.

Everything okay?

She hesitates. Deletes it. No reason to bother them. They'll be home soon enough.

She sets the phone back on the end table and wanders to the front window. Pulls the curtain back just enough to look outside.

The neighborhood feels different. Not abandoned. Just maybe finished for the night.

Most porch lights have gone dark. Halloween decorations sway gently in the breeze. An inflatable ghost has partially

collapsed in someone's yard. Candy bowls have been brought inside. The street has become empty.

Behind her, Noah stirs. Half asleep.

NOAH
Are Mom and Dad home?

Emma turns. Smiles.

EMMA
Not yet. Go back to sleep.

He nods without opening his eyes. Within seconds, he's asleep again.

Emma walks into the kitchen. She fills a kettle with water. Sets it on the stove. The quiet hum of the burner fills the room. She then grabs the two mugs from earlier.

Hot chocolate always makes waiting easier.

Then, a flicker. The kitchen light dims. Only for a second and then returns. Emma glances up. Nothing else happens.

She shrugs. Old house.

Passing the front window again, something catches her eye. Across the street, a porch light goes out. She barely notices.

Then, another. This one further down. Then another. One house at a time. People turning in for the night. Except it's still early. Emma watches another light disappear.

The neighborhood grows darker with each passing second. Something about it doesn't feel right. She can't explain why.

She then hears the kettle beginning to whistle. Turns away. Heads back toward the kitchen.

The camera remains in the living room. Watching the front window. Watching the empty street beyond. A long beat.

Then, a shape crosses the edge of the Henderson's front yard. Walking slowly, even deliberately. It never steps into the porch light. Only a silhouette moving through darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD NEIGHBORHOOD - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Blue lights pulse across quiet residential streets.

The neighborhood has transformed into an active police operation.

Sheriff’s deputies move from house to house. Illinois State Police establish a wider perimeter.

Flashlights sweep across fences, backyards and tree lines.

K-9 handlers unload their dogs.

Residents stand anxiously behind windows, watching as officers move through the darkness. No one knows exactly what’s happening. Only that something terrible has come to their neighborhood.

Near the center of the search area, Sheriff Collins’ SUV serves as the command post.

A neighborhood map remains spread across the hood. Laurie’s red circle still dominates the page. Inside it, street after street. Home after home. Somewhere within those few blocks, Emma Carter. Somewhere else, Michael Myers.

Collins issues orders without pause.

COLLINS
North teams stay together. Nobody clears a residence alone. Check every detached garage, every shed, every backyard. Report anything. Even if it seems insignificant.
(to a deputy)
Get a wireless emergency alert out to every cell phone in this damn town.

Deputies acknowledge and move out. State troopers climb back into their cruisers, heading toward assigned intersections. The search is underway.

Mercer studies the map. Bennett watches the search teams disappear into the darkness. Neither says a word.

Laurie stands several feet away. Quiet, watching the neighborhood itself. Almost as if she’s waiting for the neighborhood to tell her something.

Then the sound of approaching engines. Everyone looks up.

Three civilian vehicles turn onto the blocked street.

Deputies instinctively move toward them. Hands resting near their holsters.

The vehicles stop. Engines shut off. Doors open.

Rachel Carruthers steps out first.

She takes in the flashing lights. The officers. The command post.

Jamie follows. Her eyes immediately scan the surrounding houses.

Then Tommy Doyle. He closes the driver's door. Looks down the dark residential street. His expression doesn't change. He's imagined this moment for decades. Now it's here.

A young deputy intercepts them before they reach the command post.

YOUNG DEPUTY
I'm sorry. This area's closed.

Tommy doesn't stop. Neither do Rachel or Jamie. The deputy steps in front of them.

Collins notices. He walks over.

COLLINS
This is an active investigation. I need you to head back.

Tommy looks at him.

TOMMY
We're not here to get in your way.

Rachel speaks up.

RACHEL
We're here because we know what he's capable of.

Then Jamie.

JAMIE
And because every minute matters.

Collins looks from one face to the next.

COLLINS
I can't have civilians searching for Michael Myers.

Mercer finally looks up from the map. He speaks before anyone else can.

MERCER
Sheriff.

Sheriff Collins turns.

MERCER
Those four know more about Michael Myers than your entire department combined.

Silence.

The nearby deputies glance toward the four.

Collins exhales slowly. He knows Mercer isn't wrong. He looks at each of them.

COLLINS
Nobody goes alone.

He points to the search teams.

COLLINS
You stay with my people. You follow instructions. If anyone sees him, nobody plays hero. Call it in. Understood?

Tommy nods. Rachel nods. Jamie nods. Laurie simply holds Collins' gaze.

An uncomfortable silence settles over the command post. The flashing lights reflect across the map. Across the red circle.

Tommy steps closer. He looks over the neighborhood.

The same quiet streets. The same Halloween decorations. It reminds him too much of another October night.

He speaks, almost to himself.

TOMMY
Fifty years. Fifty years of filing reports, closing folders and telling us we were crazy.

He turns to look at Rachel and Jamie, then back toward the dark streets stretching beyond the police tape.

TOMMY
They can’t cover this one up with a press conference. No more copycat theories. No more neat little explanations. We end the lie and we end him.

His voice is low.

TOMMY
He has to die. The evil dies tonight.

Nobody responds. Nobody repeats it. The words simply hang in the cold October air.

Mercer folds the map. Looks toward Collins.

MERCER
Let’s find that girl.

Collins grabs his radio.

COLLINS
(into radio)
All units, search teams, move.

Flashlights disappear into backyards. Officers spread through the neighborhood. Laurie watches them go.

Her eyes drift toward one quiet neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Noah is still asleep beneath the blanket. Emma sipping away at her mug.

She checks the clock.

8:45 P.M.

And then picks up her phone. Still no message from Noah’s parents. She slips the phone into her pocket. Looks toward the front window.

The neighborhood feels wrong. The sidewalks are empty. The last trick-or-treaters are gone. Pumpkins still glow on front porches, but no one is outside to enjoy them. A decoration spins lazily in the breeze. Emma studies the street. Waiting to see someone.

Anyone. Nothing.

Behind her, Noah stirs. Half asleep.

NOAH
Are they almost home?

Emma shoots him a reassuring smile.

EMMA
Soon.

He nods, rolls over. Pulls the blanket tighter.

Emma looks around the quiet house. Every shadow suddenly feels larger than it did an hour ago.

She shakes it off. Mostly for Noah’s sake.

EMMA
I’m turning on some lights. Make this place a little less creepy.

Noah mumbles something that might be agreement.

Emma walks room to room. She flips on the foyer light. Then the hallway. The dining room. The kitchen.

Warm light spreads across the first floor. The house instantly feels smaller.

Emma exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Across the street, **ROBERT MOORE**, late 50s, sits alone in his recliner.

A bowl of leftover candy rests beside him. The television drones quietly in the background.

He isn’t really watching.

On screen, the program abruptly cuts away.

A **LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR** appears. He sounds flustered.

ANCHOR
(from the TV)
We are following breaking news out of downtown Haddonfield. Authorities have suspended tonight's community remembrance event following what officials are calling a violent incident. Police are asking residents to remain inside their homes while they search for a suspect connected to multiple homicides tonight. Please avoid unnecessary travel and report any suspicious activity immediately.

Robert sits upright turns the volume up. The anchor continues. No suspect description. No names. Only urgency.

Robert instinctively looks toward his front window. Across the street, the Henderson house glows brightly. Every downstairs light now illuminated.

Emma walks through the dining room carrying one of the mugs. She disappears into the kitchen. Robert watches. Then, movement. Someone crosses the dining room.

Tall. Broad shouldered. Definitely not Emma.

Robert freezes. The figure doesn't hurry. It walks through the room. Then disappears into darkness beyond the frame. Robert blinks.

Emma reappears a second later. Alone. She sets the mug down. Never looking behind her. Robert slowly stands. His pulse quickening. He moves closer to the window. Watching. Nothing.

Suddenly, just for an instant, a pale white face catches the dining room light. Emotionless. It disappears again. Robert's breath catches.

He fumbles for his phone. Hands shaking. He dials 911.

The call connects. Robert continues to peer out the window and toward the Henderson house.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
911. What's your emergency?

Robert never takes his eyes off the Henderson house.

ROBERT
(into phone)
There’s - there’s somebody inside my neighbor’s house.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sir, what’s the address?

He quickly gives it. Still watching.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Young woman. She’s babysitting over there. There’s somebody else in that house with her.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Can you describe the individual?

Robert hesitates. Swallows.

ROBERT
(into phone)
White mask. Coveralls. Six foot- something.

The dispatcher doesn’t respond immediately.

Then -

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sir, remain inside your home. Do not approach the residence. Deputies are already responding to that area.

Robert’s eyes remain fixed across the street. Emma walks back into the living room. Still completely unaware.

Behind her, the hallway beyond the dining room remains empty. At least for now.

Robert whispers to himself.

ROBERT
(to himself)
Turn around, please. Turn around.

Emma doesn’t. She disappears deeper into the house. Robert lowers the phone just enough to keep watching. Unable to look away.

DISPATCHER
Sir? Are you still there?

Robert blinks. He realizes he hasn't said anything.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Yeah.

He looks toward the street. Still empty. No police.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Officers are on the way. I need you to remain inside your residence.

Robert doesn't answer. His eyes remain fixed on the Henderson house. Something doesn't sit right.

He looks down at the phone. Then back across the street.

ROBERT
(into phone)
How long?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sir?

ROBERT
(into phone)
How long until they get here?

A pause.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
I don't have an exact arrival time.

Robert looks toward the road. Nothing. No sirens. No headlights.

His attention returns to the Henderson house. The front door. The windows. The dark spaces between them.

ROBERT
(into phone)
She doesn't know.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sir, I need you to stay inside.

Robert lowers the phone. Not hanging up. Just no longer listening.

He looks across the street. The Henderson house is fully lit now. Every window glowing. Something moves briefly behind a curtain.

Robert makes his decision. He hangs up.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma returns to the living room. She sits on the edge of the couch. Looks at Noah. Still asleep. She smiles.

Then, her phone BUZZES.

Emma jumps. She looks down. An emergency alert fills the screen.

HADDONFIELD SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

EMERGENCY ALERT

RESIDENTS ARE ADVISED TO REMAIN INDOORS. DO NOT TRAVEL UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. KEEP ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED. DO NOT ALLOW STRANGERS INTO YOUR HOME.

Emma reads it twice. The words settle in.

She looks toward the front door. Then the windows. Her smile disappears.

Noah stirs.

NOAH
What is it?

Emma looks over. She quickly locks her phone.

EMMA
Nothing.

Noah opens his eyes.

NOAH
What did your phone say?

Emma hesitates. She doesn't want to scare him.

EMMA
Just…there's something going on downtown.

NOAH
What?

EMMA
I don't know.

She puts the phone face down.

EMMA
They’re telling everybody to stay inside.

Noah sits up slightly.

NOAH
Why?

Emma looks toward the front window. The empty street. The dark houses. The warning echoes in her head.

DO NOT ALLOW STRANGERS INTO YOUR HOME.

EMMA
I don’t know.

NOAH
Are we okay?

Emma turns toward him. This time, she doesn’t immediately answer.

She forces a smile.

EMMA
Yeah.

She moves closer. Pulls the blanket up around him.

EMMA
We’re okay.

Noah watches her. He can tell she’s lying.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Robert steps out of his house. He looks both ways, heart hammering. The street is deathly silent. He looks at the Henderson house across the street. All the lights are on.

He tries to walk quickly, not run. But halfway across, adrenaline wins and he breaks into a jagged run.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma sits on the edge of the cushion, arm wrapped tight around Noah. He is vibrating with tension.

Then, a sudden flicker of movement catches the corner of Emma’s eye. A long, dark **SHADOW** sweeps across the front window.

Emma gasps, her head snapping up. She stares at the glass. Nothing now. Just the glow of the porch light and shifting autumn leaves.

NOAH
(whispering)
Did you see something?

EMMA
(voice tight)
No. It was just the wind, buddy.

She stands up slowly, legs shaky and moves to the window, keeping to the side and peering out. Emma doesn't see Robert as he's in her blind spot now, moving up the driveway. She looks toward the distant sidewalk. Empty.

Then, a shape bursts into her field of vision from right below the window sill. Robert. He's running up the porch steps. Emma recoils, staggering back. The phone buzzes in her pocket like a warning.

DO NOT ALLOW STRANGERS INTO YOUR HOME.

EMMA
Noah. Get down.

He slithers off the couch to the floor, eyes wide.

NOAH
Who is it?

EMMA
Just stay down.

Robert reaches the porch. He doesn't knock. He hammers on the wood with his fist, the sound booming through the quiet house.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Emma screams, clapping a hand over her mouth.

ROBERT (O.S.)
(muffled)
Let me in! Miss! Open the door, please!

Emma freezes in the archway between the living room and the foyer. She's paralyzed. Robert's shadow passes against the frosted glass of the door, pounding frantically.

ROBERT (O.S.)
I know you're in there! I saw the lights! Please, you have to open up!

EMMA
(shouting)
Get away! I've called the police!

Robert stops pounding. He leans his head against the wood, gasping.

ROBERT (O.S.)
I'm Robert! The neighbor! From across the street! Look at me!

Emma approaches slowly. She looks through the narrow sidelight. She knows that house. She's seen the man mowing the lawn. But she doesn't know him. He looks insane with terror right now. His eyes are wild, darting over his shoulder.

EMMA
What are you doing? Why are you screaming?

ROBERT (O.S.)
Because he's inside! I saw him through the side window!

Emma's whole body goes numb.

EMMA
What?

ROBERT (O.S.)
(punching the door)
A man! Inside the house! I saw him standing!

Emma spins around.

Behind her, the hallway is dark. Empty. Quiet. She looks back at Robert. Her mind is a knot of panic.

EMMA
I - I don't see anyone.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Because he's hiding! He was wearing a mask, a white mask!

Emma's stomach drops.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Jesus, lady, listen to me! I called 911! They said not to move, but I couldn't just let you - you need to open this door and we need to get back to my house!

Emma's hand hovers over the deadbolt. Her fingers touch the cold metal.

EMMA
How do I know you're not -

ROBERT (O.S.)
Dammit! **OPEN THE DOOR**! You're going to die!

EMMA
(shouting)
I called the police! Get away from the house!

Robert presses his face hard against the sidelight, looking through the gap. He sees her back away. He's angry, even scary.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Don't walk away! He was right there! He's inside!

Emma shakes her head. She doesn't believe him. To her, he is the threat.

EMMA
(whispering to Noah)
We're going out the back. Come on.

Emma grabs Noah's hand and bolts away from the front door, sprinting across the living room toward the kitchen.

ROBERT (O.S.)
(pounding furiously)
WAIT! DON'T GO BACK THERE! DAMMIT!

Realizing she isn't going to open the front door, and knowing she's running right into the rear of the house, Robert vaults off the porch and sprints around the side yard to reach the back door before she does.

Emma and Noah rush into the kitchen. Emma grabs the deadbolt on the back door -

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Someone is already hitting the back door from outside. Emma screams, pulling Noah back.

ROBERT (O.S.)
OPEN THE DOOR! IT'S ROBERT!

Emma is terrified.

ROBERT (O.S.)
NOAH! TELL HER IT'S ME!

NOAH
(crying)
That is Robert! He lives across the street!

The recognition in Noah's voice shatters Emma's hesitation. She rushes forward, flips the deadbolt and pulls the door open.

Robert stumbles inside, out of breath, his eyes wide with terror.

EMMA
(frantic)
Where's the police? What is happening?

Robert doesn't look at her. He turns around immediately, scanning the living room and hallway they just ran from.

ROBERT
He's here.

EMMA
Who?

Robert pushes them toward the back door.

ROBERT
You have to get out. Out the back. **NOW**!

From the shadows of the dining room archway, Michael silently steps into the kitchen light. Blank white mask. Blue coveralls.

Robert freezes. Emma gasps, pure horror seizing her chest. Robert was telling the truth the entire time.

Michael moves with terrifying speed.

ROBERT
(screaming)
GO!!

Robert lunges forward, shoving Michael to buy them seconds. Michael crashes against the kitchen table, but barely flinches.

Emma drags Noah through the open back door and into the dark yard. Robert tries to scramble back, but Michael is already on him. A massive hand seizes Robert by the collar, slamming him against the counter.

Robert gets one last look toward the open back door, Emma and Noah are running into the darkness of the backyard.

Michael slides his kitchen knife across Robert’s throat. A single, violent cut. He pushes it deep into the flesh, nearly cutting through to the bone before Robert collapses to the floor.

Silence.

Michael stands over him, then slowly turns his gaze toward the open back door. Emma and Noah are gone.

The Shape steps over Robert’s body and walks outside.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Emma hits the grass running. Noah stumbles behind her, his hand clamped in hers.

NOAH
(crying)
Emma! Slow down!

EMMA
Keep running! Don’t look back!

NOAH
Where are we going?

EMMA
(weak)
I don’t know. Just run!

They reach the wooden privacy fence at the rear of the yard. Emma fumbles frantically with the gate latch, her hands slick with sweat.

Behind them, the open back door of the Henderson house glows yellow in the dark. Silent. Still.

The latch gives. Emma kicks the gate open.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET / ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They burst out onto the pavement just as twin beams of headlights sweep across the road.

A distant SIREN wails. Then another, closer this time.

A Haddonfield Sheriff's cruiser skids to a halt at the curb, emergency lights strobing violently across the trees.

Emma's eyes flood with relief. She drags Noah toward the glare of the headlights, waving her arms.

EMMA
(screaming)
HELP! OVER HERE! HELP US!

The cruiser doors fly open. **TWO DEPUTIES** jump out, weapons drawn, using the vehicle doors as cover.

DEPUTY #1
Ma'am! Stop right there! Get down!

Emma drops to her knees on the asphalt, pulling Noah down against her chest, shielding him with her body.

DEPUTY #1
Where is he?

Emma points a trembling hand back toward the open garden gate. Her breath comes in ragged gasps. The house is silent.

DEPUTY #1
Ma'am! Who is inside that house?!

Emma looks up at him. She's shaking uncontrollably.

EMMA
(voice cracking)
He killed Robert. He cut his throat.

DEPUTY #2
(urgent)
Who did?! Who's inside?!

Emma swallows hard, looking back toward the dark silhouette of the house.

EMMA
Michael Myers.

Both deputies freeze. The name lands like a physical blow. Neither officer tells her she's crazy and neither believes it's a prank. The lie is gone.

Deputy #1 raises the radio clipped to his shoulder, his eyes locked on the open garden gate.

DEPUTY #1
(into radio)
Dispatch, Unit Eight. We have the female and juvenile at the rear of the Henderson residence. Both secure.

The deputy looks toward the house. Emma grips Noah tightly.

Then, a distant sound. More sirens. Multiple vehicles. Coming fast.

The cavalry has arrived.

Emma watches the lights approach.

Police cruisers.

SUVs.

Unmarked vehicles.

The quiet suburban neighborhood is swallowed by law enforcement.

Deputy #2 keeps his service weapon trained on the open gate, waiting for movement. Nothing stirs. Only dry autumn leaves blowing across the grass.

Somewhere inside that perimeter, Michael is already gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HENDERSON STREET - CONTINUOUS

The neighborhood is now flooded with law enforcement.

Cruisers block the intersections. SUVs pull onto lawns. Officers move between houses with weapons drawn. Neighbors watch from behind curtains.

The entire street has become a police perimeter.

Emma sits on the curb with Noah beside her. Deputy Reed kneels in front of them.

REED
Are either of you hurt?

Emma shakes her head.

She keeps one arm around Noah. Her eyes never leave the house.

EMMA
No.

The deputy looks at Noah.

REED
You okay, buddy?

Noah nods. Reed stands.

REED
Stay right here.

Emma catches Reed’s arm.

EMMA
He’s still out there.

He looks at her.

REED
We’re going to find him.

Emma looks at him. She doesn’t believe him.

A black SUV pulls to a stop. Mercer steps out and Bennett follows. Collins is already moving toward them.

Mercer looks toward the house.

MERCER
Where is she?

Collins points. Mercer sees Emma. He moves toward her. Both follow.

SHERIFF COLLINS
We have units searching every property within two blocks.

MERCER
He won’t be there.

Collins looks at him.

MERCER
Not anymore.

They reach Emma.

Mercer crouches.

MERCER
Emma?

She looks up.

EMMA
He was in the house. He killed the neighbor.

MERCER
I know.

Her voice breaks.

EMMA
He was waiting for us.

Mercer studies her.

EMMA
He knew where we were. He knew where we were going. He -

She stops. Looks toward the house.

EMMA
He was everywhere.

Mercer glances at Noah. Then back to Emma.

MERCER
Did he hurt you?

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA
No.
(beat)
But he tried.

Mercer stands. Looks toward Collins.

MERCER
Where the hell could he have gone?

COLLINS
I don’t know.

Mercer looks down the street.

MERCER
Then find out.

Collins turns to his deputies.

COLLINS
You heard him. Search the yards. Check every structure. Nobody leaves this neighborhood without being cleared.

The deputies move. Mercer watches them go. Bennett approaches.

BENNETT
We’re going to need more than a perimeter.

Mercer looks at her.

BENNETT
If he’s still in this neighborhood, we’re chasing him through every house on the block.

MERCER
He’s not hiding.
(beat)
He’s moving.
(beat)
And he’s still looking for her.

Mercer looks toward Emma. She hears him. She looks back. She knows he’s right.

EXT. HENDERSON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A deputy emerges from the house.

He approaches Collins.

DEPUTY
Sheriff.

Collins turns.

DEPUTY
No sign of Myers. Neighbor is dead on the kitchen floor. Throat cut.

Collins looks toward the house.

COLLINS
Blood?

The deputy nods.

DEPUTY
A lot of it.

Mercer turns.

MERCER
Where?

The deputy points toward the side yard.

DEPUTY
Starts inside. Goes out the back.
Then over to the side.

Mercer moves. Bennett follows. Collins gestures to two deputies. They move with them.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

The deputies move along the side of the house. A dark trail stains the grass.

Fresh. Mercer crouches. Touches the ground.

Blood. Bennett looks toward the fence.

BENNETT
He went this way.

Mercer stands. Looks over the fence. A narrow alley between houses.

MERCER
He didn’t go far.

A radio crackles.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Unit Four, respond to a possible
disturbance at -

Static. The transmission cuts out.

Collins looks at his radio.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Please repeat.

Nothing. Collins tries again.

COLLINS
(into radio)
Again, please respond.

Silence. Mercer looks toward the dark street, realizing the perimeter is already failing.

MERCER
How many units do you have out?

COLLINS
Too many.
(beat)
And not enough.

Mercer looks at the blood trail. Then toward the alley.

MERCER
He’s moving. Pull everyone back.

Collins looks at him.

MERCER
He’s using the perimeter against us.

Collins agrees. He raises his radio.

COLLINS
(into radio)
All units, hold your positions. Do not pursue alone.

Headlights suddenly cut through the darkness. A vehicle approaches fast and stops. The door opens. Laurie steps out.

She doesn’t look at the flashing lights or the scrambling deputies. Her eyes scan the chaos and immediately lock onto Emma and Noah standing by the SUV.

LAURIE
That’s her?

Mercer points down the street.

MERCER
Yes.
(beat)
She’s safe.

Laurie looks at him deadpan.

LAURIE
For how long?

Mercer doesn’t answer. Laurie looks toward the dark alleyway where the blood trail disappeared, then back to the terrified neighborhood.

LAURIE
He’s still hunting her.

Mercer nods.

MERCER
Yes.

LAURIE
Then don’t let her out of your sight.

Without waiting for a response, Laurie steps past Mercer and Collins, walking directly toward Emma.

The two women look at each other. Laurie stops a few feet away. She doesn’t crowd her.

LAURIE
I’m Laurie.

Emma looks at her. She knows the name. Not from personal experience but from the stories. The town. The history.

EMMA
Laurie Strode.

Laurie nods. Emma looks toward the street.

EMMA
Is he gone?

Laurie doesn’t lie.

LAURIE
No.

Emma closes her eyes. Noah grips her hand. Laurie kneels. She looks at him.

LAURIE
What's your name?

NOAH
Noah…

Laurie nods.

LAURIE
I need you to stay here with Emma.
Okay?

Laurie looks at Emma.

LAURIE
We're going to get you out of
here.

Emma looks at her.

EMMA
Where?

Laurie glances toward Mercer.

LAURIE
Somewhere he can't find you.

Emma almost laughs.

EMMA
He'll find me.

Laurie looks at her.

LAURIE
Then we'll make sure he finds us
first.

Emma looks at her. Something in the way Laurie says it makes her understand. Laurie isn't afraid of Michael. Not anymore.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE - FRONT STREET - CONTINUOUS

A vehicle pulls up. Jamie Lloyd. Rachel Carruthers. Tommy Doyle. They get out.

They walk toward the chaos with purpose.

Collins sees them. He doesn't stop them. Not this time.

Jamie looks toward Emma. Then toward Laurie. The two women exchange a glance. Rachel looks around.

RACHEL
Where is he?

COLLINS
We don't know.

Tommy looks toward the abandoned cruiser. Then the blood.

TOMMY
He's close.
(beat)
He always is.

Mercer glances at the three of them.

MERCER
We're moving the girl.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE
Then let's move.

Collins gestures toward the deputies.

COLLINS
We're taking her out through the east side. I want at least one unit tailing. Nobody gets separated.

Laurie looks toward the street. Something catches her attention.

A shadow. At the end of the block. Gone. Laurie's eyes narrow.

LAURIE
Wait.

Everyone stops. Laurie watches.

Nothing.

MERCER
What do you see?

Laurie doesn't answer. She looks toward Emma. Then the street. Then the dark houses.

LAURIE
Move her.
(beat)
Now.

Collins nods.

The deputies begin moving.

Emma takes Noah’s hand. They start toward the waiting SUV.

Laurie stays close. Jamie, Rachel and Tommy follow.

Mercer and Bennett move behind them. The group begins to leave.

Then, a sound - a single **FOOTSTEP**.

Everyone stops. Emma turns. Nothing.

Another **FOOTSTEP**. Closer.

Laurie looks toward the darkness. She knows. Michael is here.

The police raise their weapons. Mercer scans the houses.

MERCER
Everybody hold.

Silence. Until, **A SHADOW** moves between two houses.

A **DEPUTY** spots it.

DEPUTY
There!

Several deputies turn. The figure disappears.

COLLINS
Hold your fire!

Too late. A gunshot tears through the night.

Everyone ducks. A second shot. Deputies immediately move.

COLLINS
Goddammit!
(beat)
Move! Move!

Deputies spread into the street. Weapons drawn.

Mercer grabs the deputy.

MERCER
Where’d you spot him?

DEPUTY
Between the houses!

Several deputies move. Collins follows.

COLLINS
Nobody goes alone!

Emma grabs Noah. Mercer turns toward them.

MERCER
Get them out!

Reed and another deputy immediately move toward Emma.

REED
This way!

Emma pulls Noah along.

EMMA
Where?

REED
Away from here.

The deputies move them toward the waiting police SUV. Mercer looks toward Collins.

Laurie watches the deputies hunting Michael disappear between the houses. Something bothers her.

She looks toward the direction Michael disappeared. Then toward Emma. The two paths. Something doesn't fit.

LAURIE
(quietly)
Wait.

Nobody hears her.

Emma and Noah are already moving.

EXT. HADDONFIELD RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Noah are rushed toward the SUV. Deputies surround them. Deputy Reed opens the rear door.

REED
Inside.

Emma gets Noah in. She turns. Looks back toward the neighborhood. Police everywhere.

EMMA
Where are we going?

REED
To the station. It’s secure.

Emma looks at the police surrounding her. She gets inside.

The SUV pulls away. A cruiser follows. Laurie watches them go. Something still doesn’t feel right.

She looks toward the houses. A distant **GUNSHOT**.

Everyone turns. The SUV continues down the street.

Laurie looks at Mercer.

LAURIE
He’s not following them.

Mercer looks at her.

LAURIE
He’s cutting them off.

Mercer realizes.

MERCER
Collins!

Laurie is already moving.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF SUV - MOMENTS LATER

The sheriff SUV moves through the darkened neighborhood. Deputy Reed drives. Another **DEPUTY** sits in the passenger seat, watching the streets.

In the back, Emma sits behind Reed. Noah beside her. Both are strapped in.

The SUV moves quickly. The cruiser follows close behind. Its headlights fill the SUV’s rear window.

For several seconds, nothing. No one speaks.

Emma watches the empty houses pass by. Noah leans against her. Still shaken.

Reed keeps his eyes on the road. His hands grip the wheel tightly.

Then, **SOMETHING** flies out of the darkness. **SLAMS** against the windshield. Emma **SCREAMS**. Noah jolts awake.

The windshield **CRACKS** violently. The body rolls across the hood. Reed slams on the brakes. The SUV stops hard. Emma grabs Noah.

The body slides off the hood.

Reed stares through the shattered windshield. The body of a **DEPUTY**. Motionless. Dead.

The deputy in the passenger seat looks at Reed. Neither speaks. The cruiser behind them stops. Its doors immediately open. Two deputies emerge. Guns drawn.

Reed looks into the rearview mirror. Emma and Noah stare back at him. Terrified.

Reed turns toward them.

REED
(to Emma)
Stay here!

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREET - CONTINUOUS

He opens his door. The other deputy exits with him. The two deputies from the cruiser move forward. Four officers, their weapons drawn. They surround the SUV.

The street is silent. Reed looks toward the body lying in the road. He recognizes the uniform. His face changes.

REED
Jesus.

One of the deputies from the cruiser moves toward the body.

DEPUTY #1
Shit. It’s one of ours.

Reed raises his radio.

REED
(into radio)
Dispatch, we need —

A **SHADOW** moves behind him. The deputy nearest the body, Deputy #1, turns. Too late. Michael steps out from behind a parked vehicle. He drives his knife into the deputy’s back. The deputy gasps.

Michael lifts him off the ground. The deputy’s feet kick helplessly. Reed freezes. The other three deputies stare.

For one impossible second, nobody moves.

Michael drops the body. Reed raises his weapon.

REED
Stop!

Michael moves. A gunshot. The bullet tears into the night.

Michael disappears behind the SUV. The remaining deputies spin. Trying to find him.

DEPUTY #2
Where is he?

A blur of movement. Michael emerges behind one of them. The knife flashes. Deputy #2 drops. Reed turns.

Michael is already moving toward the third. A struggle. A gun falls. Michael drives the third deputy into the side of the cruiser. The deputy goes limp.

Reed fires again. Michael ducks behind the SUV. Reed backs away. His breathing hard. He raises his radio.

REED
(into radio)
Dispatch -

Michael appears behind him. Reed turns. Michael strikes. Reed collapses. The radio falls from his hand. Silence.

The street goes still.

INT./EXT. SHERIFF SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emma watches through the cracked windshield. She can’t move. Noah is pressed against her.

NOAH
(sobbing)
Emma…

She puts an arm around him.

EMMA
Don’t move.

Outside, Michael slowly rises. He looks toward the SUV. Toward Emma. He walks. Emma watches him approach.

Michael reaches the rear passenger door. The door beside Noah. Emma pulls Noah closer to her. She tries the handle on her door. Nothing. The doors are locked.

She hits the lock. Again, nothing.

EMMA
(panicked)
GODDAMMIT! COME ON!

Michael grabs the handle. He yanks the door open. Emma screams. Michael lunges inside.

Emma and Noah are shoved backward against the opposite door. Michael reaches for them. His knife flashes.

Then…

BLAM!

Michael jerks backward. Emma screams.

BLAM! Another shot.

Michael spins. Stumbles away from the SUV.

Emma looks out. Reed is lying on the pavement. Blood spreading across his uniform. His weapon is still in his hand. He fires no more.

Reed's eyes remain open. But barely.

Michael looks down at the bullet wounds, slumps down on the sidewalk.

For a moment, neither moves. Reed's strength leaves him. His hand falls. The gun slips from his fingers.

She knows. This is her only chance. She looks to Noah and then the unguarded SUV door.

EMMA
(to Noah)
We gotta run!

He winces. She grabs him and they jump from the SUV.

They don't even glance at Michael. They just run.

After a second, Michael sits up.

Emma doesn't look back. She pulls Noah down the street. Michael, now on his feet again, takes a step after them. Then stops. He watches them disappear into the darkness of the neighborhood.

Behind him, four dead deputies. A ruined sheriff SUV and a dying town.

Michael stands alone in the middle of the street. Then he follows.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma runs. Noah struggles to keep up.

NOAH
(crying)
Emma!

EMMA
Keep running!

They turn a corner. Emma stops.

A dead end. She looks around. Nothing.

Noah sobs.

NOAH
Where do we go?

Emma looks back. The street is empty. Until a figure appears at the far end. Michael.

Emma grabs Noah. Runs.

Michael walks. Emma runs. Somehow, the distance between them closes. Emma turns up a driveway and disappears behind a carport. Michael follows.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie runs into the street and looks around.

Then - **A SCREAM**. Emma. Laurie turns. Runs.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma pulls Noah into a narrow passage between two houses. They hide behind a parked vehicle. Emma covers Noah’s mouth. Then listen. Footsteps, slow and approaching.

Emma looks toward the street. Michael appears.

He stops. Emma’s eyes widen.

Michael looks around. He knows she’s close.

Emma pulls Noah tighter as the boy’s whimpers draw Michael’s attention. He looks up the driveway at the two and takes one step. Then another. Emma closes her eyes. The footsteps stop.

A voice.

LAURIE (O.S.)
Michael.

Michael stops. Emma opens her eyes.

Laurie stands at the far end of the narrow side yard, down the driveway. Knife in hand. Michael turns. For the first time, he sees her.

Laurie takes one step forward. Michael tilts his head. She doesn't move, just remembers. Fifty years disappear.

She then looks directly into the mask.

LAURIE
I remember you.

Michael looks past her and toward Emma. Laurie sees it. He isn't interested in her. Not yet. His attention remains on Emma.

Laurie moves. One step to the right moving in front of where Emma and Noah hide. Michael's head follows.

Emma disappears behind Laurie. Michael moves his head the other way. Laurie moves again. Always between them. Always blocking his view.

LAURIE
No.

Michael takes a step. Laurie raises the knife.

LAURIE
You're not getting to her.

Michael stops. Behind Laurie, Emma slowly pulls Noah farther away. Michael watches. Laurie watches Michael. He is still focused on Emma. Not her.

Laurie takes another step backward up the driveway.

LAURIE
(to Emma)
Run!

Emma doesn't move. She's terrified. Laurie keeps her eyes on Michael.

LAURIE
Emma.

That gets through. Emma grabs Noah and they run toward the back of the house. Michael's head turns. He watches them go. He then starts after them.

Laurie attacks. She drives the knife toward him. Michael jerks aside. The blade misses. Michael turns on her.

For the first time tonight, Laurie has made herself the target.

Michael swings. Laurie ducks. Her knife catches his arm. He looks down at the small cut and then back at Laurie. She doesn't retreat. Michael attacks again. This time, Laurie blocks. The impact sends her backward. She slams against the side of the house.

Michael advances. Laurie pushes herself upright as he moves past her. Toward Emma. From behind, Laurie **DRIVES** her knife into his back. Michael pauses, almost winces. He turns around and reaches back with his free hand, **RIPPING** the knife from his back.

Laurie grabs for him. Michael turns and for a moment, they struggle over the knife. Michael's strength overwhelms her. He **SHOVES** her away.

Her knife drops. Laurie hits the ground hard.

Michael turns back toward Emma. Laurie sees the knife lying between them. She reaches for it.

Michael goes for Emma. Laurie lunges, her fingers **CLOSE** around the knife. She **SLASHES** upward. Michael recoils and moves back. Laurie rolls away, scrambling to her feet.

The knife is back in her hand. And now she's back between Michael and Emma.

Emma retreats deeper behind the houses. Laurie continues to stand between her and Michael.

Michael steps toward Emma's location. Laurie blocks him.

LAURIE
Michael.
(beat)
I'm right here.

Michael shifts. Laurie shifts with him.

He tries to look around her. She moves again. Michael takes another step. Laurie moves too. Emma watches from behind the houses. Noah stays close beside her.

Michael's attention remains fixed on the place where they disappeared. Laurie raises the knife.

LAURIE
Come on. Look at me.

Michael slowly shifts his mask back toward her. Laurie takes another step backward, drawing him out from the shadows and into the glow of the streetlamp.

LAURIE
The whole town tried to erase you, Michael. They wrote you off as a bad memory. They buried you in paperwork so they wouldn't have to look at the dark. But I never forgot. I stayed right here in the dark waiting for you.

She raises the blade higher, her eyes locking onto the black voids of his mask

LAURIE
You want her? You want them to remember what you are?
(beat)
You'll have to get through me.

Michael advances. Laurie doesn't retreat.

She raises the knife. Michael stops. A long beat.

Then **FOOTSTEPS**. Laurie hears them. Michael doesn't, at least not yet.

At the far end of the street, Jamie appears. She stops. Behind her, Rachel. Then Tommy. The three of them see Laurie. See Michael. They stop.

Laurie doesn't look away from Michael. She knows they're there. Michael takes another step. Laurie keeps the knife raised.

LAURIE
(shouting to the three)
Stay back!

They look at her. Laurie gives the slightest shake of her head. Don't.

Michael moves. Laurie moves with him. Keeping herself between him and Emma. Michael suddenly turns.

He sees them. Jamie. Rachel. Tommy.

His head tilts. Laurie watches him.

For the first time, Michael's attention seems to be on someone other than Emma. It's now on all of them.

Jamie takes a step forward. Rachel follows. Tommy moves beside them. Laurie remains where she is. Four survivors. One street. One night. One man.

Michael takes a step toward them. Laurie raises the knife.

LAURIE
I'm not afraid of the boogeyman.

Both move. Michael charges. Laurie meets him. They **COLLIDE.** Michael drives Laurie backward. She fights. He is stronger.

He throws her into the side of a parked car. Laurie hits hard. Michael turns. Again toward Emma. He knows where she is.

Emma freezes behind the houses. Noah grips her hand. Michael starts toward them. Jamie **STRIKES** him from the side. Michael staggers. Rachel grabs his arm. Tommy hits him. Michael drops to one knee.

For the first time, Michael is surrounded. Not by the authorities but by the people who have spent decades living with him.

Laurie rises. Michael stands. He throws Jamie aside. She crashes onto the pavement. Rachel attacks. Michael catches her and throws her into another parked vehicle.

Tommy charges. Michael catches him by the throat. Tommy struggles. Michael lifts him. Laurie attacks from behind.

Michael drops Tommy. He turns. Laurie drives the knife into his shoulder. Michael shifts as Laurie pulls it free. Michael then grabs her. Throws her down.

Emma watches with Noah beside her. She sees Laurie on the ground. Jamie struggling to stand. Rachel bleeding. Tommy trying to breathe. Michael standing over Laurie.

Emma looks at Noah. Then back at Michael. This doesn't end with them hiding.

Emma takes Noah's hand.

EMMA
Stay here.

Noah doesn't want to let go.

NOAH
(whining)
No! Stay!

Emma steps out from behind the houses. Michael turns. He sees her. The target. The reason he came here. Emma doesn't run.

Michael moves toward her except Laurie grabs his leg!

Michael looks down. Laurie pulls herself up.

LAURIE
Like I said, you're gonna have to get through me.

Michael attacks again. Jamie comes from behind and grabs his knife-holding arm. Rachel grabs the other arm. Tommy gets behind him. All four.

Michael fights. They hold on. He throws Jamie off. Rachel falls. Tommy loses his grip. Michael turns toward Emma again.

Laurie steps between them. Again.

Michael stops. Laurie raises the knife. For a moment, it's just the two of them. Then Michael takes a step. Laurie takes one too, blocking him. Michael suddenly **LUNGES**. Laurie slashes. Michael catches her wrist. The knife falls. He twists her arm. Laurie cries out. Michael throws her aside. She hits the pavement.

Michael again turns toward Emma. Jamie attacks. She drives into him from behind. Michael **STAGGERS**. Rachel grabs his arm. Tommy grabs the other. Michael fights. The three struggle to hold him. Laurie pushes herself up. She sees them. Michael is fighting all three. And winning.

He throws Rachel off. Tommy loses his grip. Jamie grabs Michael's shoulder. Michael turns. He **SLAMS** Jamie into the side of a parked car. Jamie drops. Rachel comes at him. Michael catches her. Throws her down. Tommy then charges. Michael catches him. The two **CRASH** into the hood of a car.

Michael raises his knife. Tommy struggles beneath him. Laurie sees it. She runs.

LAURIE
Michael!

Michael turns. Laurie **SLAMS** into him. The knife flies from his hand. Michael falls sideways. Laurie lands hard.

Michael rises. Again. Tommy gets up. Rachel gets up. Jamie gets up.

The four are barely standing. Michael, though, is still standing.

Laurie looks toward the houses. Toward the yards. Her eyes land on something.

A TALL METAL GARDEN STAKE. Decorative. Heavy. Still partially buried in the earth.

Laurie looks back at Michael. He advances. Laurie backs away. Drawing him. Michael follows. Laurie reaches the edge of the yard. He closes in. Laurie suddenly turns. She grabs the garden stake. **RIPS** it from the ground. Michael stops. Laurie grips it with both hands. Michael charges. Laurie swings.

The metal stake catches him across the side. Michael staggers. Laurie swings again. Michael grabs the stake.

He pulls. Laurie nearly loses it. Michael yanks her toward him. Jamie grabs the stake. Rachel grabs it too. Tommy joins them. Michael is holding the other end. A tug-of-war.

Four against one.

Michael pulls. The four slide toward him.

He is stronger. He pulls again. They're losing. Michael yanks the stake free from their hands. The four stumble backward.

Michael holds the stake. He now has the weapon. Michael looks at it. Then at them. He raises it. Laurie steps forward. Michael charges. The four move together. Jamie hits him from the side.

Michael stumbles. Rachel grabs his arm. Tommy drives his shoulder into him. Laurie catches the stake. Michael grabs her. The four collide. Michael goes down. The stake falls beside him.

Michael immediately starts to rise. Laurie grabs his leg. Jamie grabs his arm. Rachel grabs the other. Tommy grabs his shoulders. Michael fights. He throws Jamie off. Rachel loses her grip. Tommy is dragged forward. He again starts to rise.

Laurie sees the stake. She grabs it. Michael turns. He sees her. Laurie raises it. Michael lunges once again. Laurie drives the stake toward him.

THUD.

The pointed metal end **STRIKES** Michael in the chest. Not deep enough.

Michael grabs the stake now embedded into his chest. His hand closes around it. Laurie tries to pull it free. Michael pulls her toward him. Jamie grabs the stake. Rachel grabs the stake. Tommy grabs the stake. All four now have hold of it.

Michael is still fighting. Still holding on. Still trying to rise.

LAURIE
Now!

The four **PULL**. Michael is dragged forward. The stake comes free. Again, Michael starts to rise.

The four survivors raise the stake together. Michael looks up. They drive it **DOWN**.

CRACK.

The metal stake penetrates his chest. Michael's body **JOLTS**.

The four push. Michael's hands grab at the stake. He tries to stop them.

Even now. Still fighting.

The four push harder. The stake drives deeper. Michael's arms begin to weaken. His hands slip. The stake pushes through.

OUT HIS BACK.

The pointed end **STRIKES** the pavement beneath him.

CLANG.

Michael is pinned. The four survivors are still gripping the stake.

Michael's body **TWITCHES**. The four push down harder. The stake doesn't move.

Michael's hands reach. Searching for something. But nothing. His arms fall.

The four finally stop. Silence.

They don't let go. Not yet.

Laurie looks down at him. Michael's mask stares back.

No movement. Laurie looks at Jamie. Jamie is staring at Michael. Rachel is breathing heavily. Tommy is still holding the stake. No one trusts it. No one moves. Michael's fingers twitch.

The four tense. They hold the stake tighter. Waiting. Nothing.

Another beat. Still nothing.

Tommy looks at Laurie. Laurie doesn't look away from Michael.

Finally, Laurie slowly releases the stake. Jamie follows. Rachel. Tommy. The metal stake remains buried through Michael's chest. Through his heart. Through his back.

Michael Myers lies pinned to the street. Dead.

The four survivors stand over him.

They don't wait for him to get back up. Because he isn't going to.

Laurie looks at the three others. They look back at her. Four survivors, still standing. Barely.

Then Emma steps out. Noah beside her. She looks at Michael. Then at the four. She sees it. It's over.

She slowly approaches. Laurie looks at her. Emma stops a few feet away. She looks down at Michael. The man who came for her. The man who almost killed everyone. The man who wouldn't stop.

Emma then looks at Laurie. Laurie doesn't say anything. She just looks back to Michael.

The silence is broken by a distant sound of **SIRENS**.

The four survivors hear them. Closer and closer.

They all turn toward the sound. Red and blue lights begin to flicker against the houses. Michael remains where he is.

Pinned to the street. The four survivors don't move. They stand together. Waiting for the authorities to arrive.

The sound of **SIRENS** grows louder. Red and blue lights flicker across the houses. The four survivors remain around Michael. All four are exhausted. Bloodied. Barely standing. But standing.

The metal garden stake remains driven through Michael's chest, pinning him to the pavement. He doesn't move.

The first **SHERIFF VEHICLES** turn onto the street.

Doors open. Deputies rush out. Weapons raised.

Then they see him. Michael. The weapons slowly lower.

Sheriff Collins steps from his vehicle. Mercer and Bennett follow. They stop. Take in the scene. The four survivors. Emma and Noah. Michael Myers.

Collins slowly approaches. Mercer looks at Michael and then at Laurie.

MERCER
He’s dead?

Laurie doesn’t answer immediately. She looks down at Michael. At the mask.

LAURIE
Yes.

Mercer steps closer, staring down at the bloodied coveralls, the black eyes, the sheer physical reality of a man the Bureau tried to write off as a myth for half a century.

MERCER
(disbelief)
Really dead?

Laurie finally looks at him.

LAURIE
Really dead.

Mercer takes that in. He looks at Michael again, then glances back toward the flashing cruisers filling the street.

MERCER
There’s no paperwork in Washington that explains this. We spent fifty years trying to prove he didn’t exist because we didn’t want to believe a man could be this evil.

He lets out a slow, exhausted breath.

MERCER
It’s over.

The words hang there. Nobody celebrates. Nobody smiles. Because none of them knows what it means to hear them.

Bennett approaches Rachel. She sees the blood on her face. The bruises. The exhaustion.

BENNETT
You okay?

Rachel looks at her. Then at Michael.

RACHEL
Ask me tomorrow.

Bennett nods, smiles.

Jamie sits down on the curb. Rachel lowers herself beside her. Tommy remains standing. He looks at Michael. At the mask. The same mask. The face that haunted him when he was a child.

TOMMY
I spent my whole life thinking he wasn't human.
(beat)
Maybe that's what made him so terrifying.

Laurie looks at Michael.

LAURIE
No.
(beat)
What made him terrifying was that he was.

Tommy nods. But neither of them looks convinced that it's that simple.

Collins approaches Jamie. He looks at her.

COLLINS
You all right?

Jamie looks at Michael.

JAMIE
No.
(beat)
But I will be.

Behind them, more police vehicles arrive. The street continues to fill with lights. Deputies. Paramedics. Crime scene personnel.

The four survivors remain where they are.

Michael lies motionless.

Collins again looks at the four, sees the blood, the bruises and the exhaustion. He then looks down the street.

A **PARAMEDIC** team is setting up beside an ambulance.

COLLINS
You four need to get checked out.

No one moves. Collins looks at Michael. Then back at them.

COLLINS
He’s not going anywhere.

Laurie then looks at Michael.

LAURIE
Not yet.

Collins doesn’t argue. Instead, he nods.

COLLINS
Just a couple more minutes. Then you’re getting patched up.

The four remain. Together. No one says anything.

The deputies begin securing the scene around Michael. A paramedic approaches Emma and Noah. Bennett stays with them.

He gently checks Noah for injuries. Emma keeps her eyes on Michael.

Across the street, **A PORCH LIGHT CLICKS ON.**

Everyone looks.

A curtain moves in a window. Another porch light. Then another.

A front door slowly opens. A **HADDONFIELD RESIDENT** steps onto a porch. He looks down the street. Sees the police. The flashing lights. The ambulance. Michael.

He doesn’t come any farther. Not yet.

Across the street, another door opens. Then another. People begin emerging. Slowly. Cautiously. One by one. The neighborhood is waking up.

For the first time tonight, people aren’t hiding.

A woman steps onto her porch. An older man opens his front door. A family gathers behind a screen door. They look toward the scene. Toward Michael. Toward the four survivors.

The street that had been empty all night is slowly filling again. Life returning. Collins watches the residents emerge.

Then looks back at the four.

COLLINS
Come on.

This time, Laurie looks at him. Collins gestures toward the ambulance.

COLLINS
Let’s get you taken care of.

Laurie looks at Michael. The mask. The body. The stake.

She takes a breath, then she turns. Jamie follows. Rachel. Tommy. They begin walking toward the waiting paramedics.

Emma watches them. Bennett gently guides her and Noah in the same direction. Emma takes one last look back.

Michael. The mask. The eyes. The Boogeyman. Behind him, Haddonfield. People are coming out. Porch lights glow. Doors open. The town is no longer hiding.

Emma turns away. She takes Noah’s hand. They follow the others.

The camera remains on Michael. The four survivors continue toward the paramedics. The residents watch from their porches. The flashing lights illuminate the street. But Michael doesn’t move. The mask doesn’t move.

For the first time in fifty years, Michael Myers is dead.

The camera then slowly moves closer. Closer. The white mask fills the frame. The black eyes. The camera pushes in. Closer. And closer. Until the blackness beneath the eyes fills the screen.

DR. LOOMIS (V.O.)
I met this six-year-old child with this blank, pale, emotionless face…

The blackness fills everything.

DR. LOOMIS (V.O.)
…and the blackest eyes.
(beat)
The Devil’s eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END